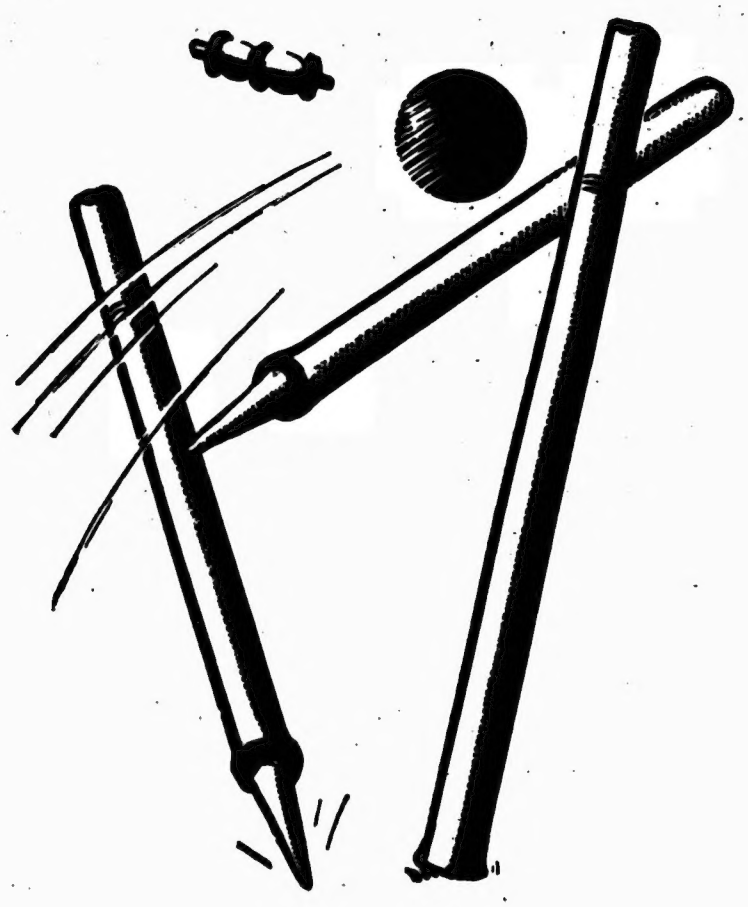
VOL. LXIV. 1673

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE



Played out

There's nothing like a Guinness to refresh you

G.E 809.C

"I am afraid I am not much experienced at writing letters of thanks, but it gives me pleasure to say from my heart 'Thank you very much for having a Sickness Benefit in your Insurance List.' What a benefit it is. Only those who have to make a call upon it can realise its value, and for your prompt attention to my claim, I say 'Thank you.'

"I am pleased to say my wife has reached the convalescent stage. I hope to have her home again in two or three weeks."

This letter, recently received from a Petersfield reader whose wife contracted diphtheria, sums up briefly and to the point the very real value of the exclusive Sickness Benefit provided by "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift.

After sickness, convalescence—with daily calls on the home exchequer for those little bedside luxuries—and finally, the doctor's bill that must be met somehow.

Can you wonder at the gratitude expressed in our reader's letter?

"John Bull's" Exclusive Benefits

In addition to Sickness benefits (as specified in "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance Certificate) "John Bull" is *the only paper in the world to safeguard registered readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST.* Numerous accident benefits are also provided.

£636 17s. 9d. PAID LAST WEEK.

Last week alone "John Bull" distributed no less than £636.17s. 9d. to registered readers or their dependants, as follows:—

Household and Sickness Benefits	£330	17	9
Accident Benefits—			
Adults	£140	0	0
Children's Accidents	£166	0	0
	£636	17	9

If you have not yet obtained this Family Security Gift do so at once. Let me urge you to use the Forms below TO-DAY. It is a small step to take to secure such valuable protection for yourself and for those who depend upon you, and your home, too.

"JOHN BULL" THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS

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JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Form to Your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address .....

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Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 9/7/38.

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Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

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Name and Address of Newsagent. .....

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Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 9/7/38.

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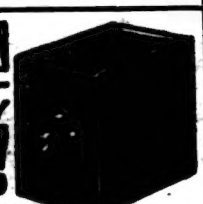

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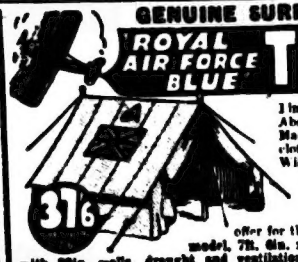

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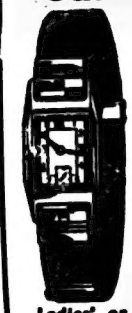

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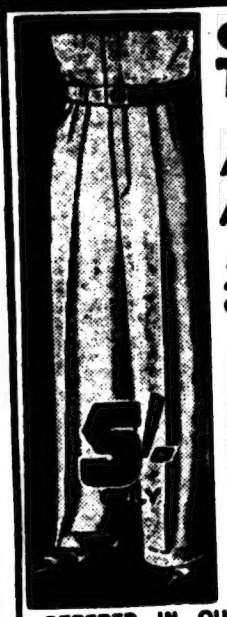

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TOOTING	1-3, HIGH STREET
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JOHN BULL

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Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, July 9, 1938.

A BRITISH INSTITUTION

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

The Officious Secrets Act

Justice Must be Cheaper

Our "Foreign" Empire

AMEND the Official Secrets Act!

Whatever the rights and wrongs of Mr. Sandys' allegations against Mr. Hore-Belisha and the Attorney-General, the tyrannous potentialities of that Act have at last been brought home.

Passed to protect State secrets, the measure was said to be aimed only at spies. Yet time and again it has been invoked against the innocent activities of journalists.

When Mr. Dingle Foot suggested a week or two back that it might even be used against M.P.s they laughed. Now they laugh no longer. Read A. G. Gardiner about this on page 11.

The Proof

Britain's anti-aircraft deficiencies promoted the offending question that Mr. Sandys wished to ask Mr. Hore-Belisha. That such deficiencies existed seems proved by the necessity for big new plans, announced shortly afterwards.

Five anti-aircraft divisions instead of two; 100,000 men instead of 43,000; a new A.A. chief; closer links between A.A. and R.A.F.

Better late than never. And proof that Parliament and public must keep up the pressure. Only thus are Ministers kept up to scratch.

Britain's Mothers

Mother and child: a picture that stirs the roughest hearts, that has inspired artists through all time. Love and unselfishness, innocence and trust—eternal virtues in their simplest, most appealing form.

Yet to-day mothers and children are also Governmental problems of the first magnitude. We have seen that lately in four ways.

4-Way Problem

First: Though the last birth-rate figures were slightly up, our fertility-rate, on a long view, is 25 per cent. below that needed to maintain the population.

Second: Twice as many mothers die in childbirth as should, and a joint committee of the British Medical Association and the Trades Union Congress have been suggesting how to stop it.

Third: The Unemployment Assistance Board and M.P.s have been stressing that wages over a considerable part of industry are not enough to support a family with more than three children.

Fourth: Overseas Settlement Board has been lamenting the dangers of an underpeopled Empire, and next week an Empire Migration and Development Conference will consider how migration to the Dominions can be increased.

Our "Foreign" Empire

What's to be done?

Start a national maternity service, say doctors and trade unionists. Grant family allowances, cry M.P.s.

Certainly, these plans are sound. John Bull has been saying so for a long time.

But are they enough?

The Overseas Settlement Board doubts whether Britain can really spare migrants for the Dominions. But the Dominions themselves cannot produce the populations they need. So the British Empire may have to be peopled by foreigners!

Mr. Hore-Belisha

Too Old at Forty-Eight

IT is just part of the inelastic Army system that Majors of the Royal Army Service Corps must retire at the age of forty-eight.

Consequently the British Army is about to lose a number of its most expert motor transport and engineering technicians.

All these officers have cost the country a great deal of money in training. They have also been encouraged to secure outside professional qualifications.

They are at peak value. During the past twenty years they have built up the mechanisation of the British Army.

Now they must go from active service and draw pensions because they are in their prime.

What is happening, of course, is that these officers are being snapped up by civil motor engineering firms.

One R.A.S.C. Major, for example, recently retired under the age limit, immediately received a highly paid post with a Midland firm.

Mr. Hore-Belisha's "youth complex" is excellent when applied to the fighting units, but when extended to the "craft" branches of the Army the scheme has many objections.

Tell-Tale Tinkering

The future population of Britain and the Empire has become a major problem. The Government should treat it as such.

Much tinkering about. An Act to enable the Registrar-General to collect more statistics about births and deaths. A Royal Commission on the distribution of population within Britain.

The Overseas Settlement Board modestly tackling distribution between Britain and the Dominions. Occasional and very mild income tax concessions to parents.

But no sign of a policy that is either co-ordinated or commensurate with the problem.

Long-Shot

Back family allowances as a long-shot for the Government's election programme! Sir Douglas Hacking, Conservative chairman, and now Sir John Simon, have assured us that the election is still a year off.

But several indications that the Government is thinking about its platform. Foreign policy no longer looks such a good election plank. So Ministers must seek one or two attractive-looking domestic offers as well.

Vote-Catching

The lately announced Royal Commission on Workmen's Compensation should be reporting in about a year. That may give the Government an electoral plank. The promise of compulsory holidays with pay three years hence is, as we've suggested before, obvious vote-catching.

Workmen's compensation reform and holidays with pay need cost the Government nothing: employers can be left to carry the baby. Family allowances, however, would almost certainly be provided by social insurance.

To that the State would have to contribute.

Now, Mr. Chamberlain

Where find the money? That's the Government's problem. More arms and new social reforms can go hand-in-hand only if the reforms are cheap.

Family allowances are, however, particularly necessary where there are more than three children.

To make grants to such families would cost only one-twelfth of the sum required to give them to all.

You could at least start there, Mr. Chamberlain.

Cheaper Justice

Appoint a business manager for the High Court! A Royal Commission suggested that years ago. Object: to speed the hearing of cases.

The proposal languished on the shelf. But the London Chamber of Commerce won't let it die.

It has again pressed it on the Lord Chancellor. Adopt it! Check the law's delays! Cheapen justice!

More Common-sense

Here's another common-sense reform championed by the Chamber of Commerce.

Allot to commercial and Admiralty cases only judges experienced in that work.

Save the time that is now taken up with explanations of long and complicated trade terms and customs!

King Consumer

Long live King Consumer! Acknowledged with acclamation by Lord Southwood in his presidential address to the International Advertising Convention last week.

His Majesty the Consumer is the monarch at whose feet advertisers, ambassadors of trade, lay the wares of their principals.

Advertisers may cajole or flatter, but you, consumers, decide.

Less Toil

Ancient civilisations provided a full life for few based on the toil of many. To-day the chance of a full life is open to all.

The mass of mankind is no longer occupied with the mere business of keeping body and soul together.

Invention and industry have reduced the toil and trouble of keeping alive, and created new chances to enjoy life.

Less and easier toil; more and happier leisure.

The New Force

Advertising is one of the most potent forces ministering to this fuller life.

It began merely by telling you where to get what you wanted.

To that simple task it has added a subtler, more creative mission—that of stimulating you to new wants.

Save Their Stockings

Girls in Birmingham have thrown up jobs because their silk stockings and suède shoes became splashed at the work. The girls were right.

The employers should either protect their workers' clothing or supply special outfits.

It is natural for girls to want pretty clothes. To ban or spoil them is to cramp the girls' personalities, to instil a sense of injustice. No one works well who labours under a grudge.

Holiday Oddities

1. Do you believe in fairies. Do they dance round fairy rings in the woods at midnight?

Here is the evidence I found in local woods that fairy rings exist, anyhow. Sorry I was unable to snap the dancers. —A. F. Baxter, The Cottage, Kirkfieldbank.

2. "What an oddity!" say visitors to zoos as they crowd round a stick insect from abroad.

Yet Britain has its own stick insect. It is common here. You will pass plenty on the hedgerows on holiday.

It is the caterpillar of the peppered moth, is hard to the touch, remains still for hours in perfect imitation of a twig, and, if prodded, will snap off and fall to the ground to lie still like a piece of dead wood—a deceiver to the end.—J. C. Green, 24, Market Square, Brackley, Northants.

3. Here's a laugh for holiday-makers as soon as they enter Long Eaton.

"Rush ahead, boys," advises the Ministry of Transport, and "Slow as you can, lads," counsels the local authority—all on one post!—W. Walker, Lynden Avenue, Long Eaton, Notts.

4. Just a little thrill for little South Wales children too poor to visit the leaning tower of Pisa. They find the leaning chimney-stack of Swansea just as exciting.—E. G. Jones, 39, Mary Street, Neath, Glam.

5. This is the queer house I found at Veryan, while travelling Cornwall. Then I found an identical one at the other end of the village.

Both are surmounted by a cross—said to keep the devil away from the village. And, judging by the beauty of the place and the happiness of the inhabitants, I think it has succeeded.—Miss L. Quick, 5, Canynge Square, Clifton.

6. I found it in Somerset while holiday-making—surely the smallest railway station in daily use in the whole country. It is on the Portishead, Clevedon and Weston-super-Mare railway and measures 8 ft. by 5 ft.—Edward Staddon, 29, Hill Street, Totterdown, Bristol.

7. Two garden gates at Hollingworth, near Mottram, Cheshire, are adorned with exquisite carvings representing Æsop's Fables. Here is one.

I found they are the work of a well-known artist named Wood, who died in Florence some years ago.—A. R. Scholfield, 1, St. Mary's Crescent, Greenfield, near Oldham.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

I have just seen traffic signals working in a church.

The occasion was the children's anniversary service at the Congregational Church, Rothbury.

The children themselves got up and applied the words "Stop," "Caution," and "Go" to their own lives, and learnt not only a little more about safety but the art of living as well.—A. G. Henderson, Stephenson's Terrace, Rothbury, Northumberland.

Some schools persuade children to use traffic signals in their playground games. Now, perhaps, other churches might like to follow Rothbury's example.

Mercurial

I have just been offered clinical thermometers at three grades of prices. Seeking to know what was the difference, I was told the cheap ones took a minute or more to register—the dearer half-a-minute or less.

Now the expansion of mercury surely depends on fixed physical laws. Can you wonder, therefore, that I have been unable to get a suitable explanation, even from an expert?—N. Haye Davies, "Y Celyn," Heol Hir, Llanisten, Glam.

Negretti and Zambra say bulk of mercury is less in the better thermometers. Thus they are more sensitive to changes of temperature. Some, with big bulbs, take as long as two minutes.

World's Best Seller

Sidney Dark, in his article in JOHN BULL on the "world's best seller"—the Bible—says that, above all things, the Bible is true

I would like to know how that is reconciled with the fact that the Bible contains contradictions.—James Dalgliesh, 53, Longstone Road, Edinburgh.

If the Bible were a concocted work, faked to deceive, you wouldn't expect to find contradictions. In the Bible, however, are different men's versions of the same happenings, set down at varying intervals after those happenings, and necessarily based on memory. So you expect to find contradictions.

"Sparks" Without Spoil

Wireless operator is first person in hearing call of the sea. But he is the last person to get any financial benefit from a job of salvage. On trawlers, for instance, the third hand receives 2½ per cent., second engineer 2¼ per cent., while the wireless operator, who comes after the ship's cat, is lucky to get ¼ per cent.—E. S., Grimsby, Lincs.

Rules were formulated in 1901, when wireless was in experimental stage, and should be changed now that "Sparks"—not well paid as it is—is so important a member of the crew.

We Three

We ordered our first copy of JOHN BULL on our wedding day.

We have never missed a copy since, and this is our Silver Wedding month.

It is our fervent hope that JOHN BULL and we two will still be together for a Golden anniversary.—Mrs. Edwards, Ramsbury, near Marlborough, Wilts.

Our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Edwards. It is due to such readers' loyalty that we have been able to accomplish so much.—Editor, JOHN BULL.

We *Are* Fair!

Be fair to landlords, JOHN BULL, and keep up your reputation!

I have a three-flat house at Brixton: total weekly rents, £2 10s. Rates and ground rent amount to £30 a year; property tax, £3; interest on mortgage, £30. When I had paid last year for repairs that *had* to be done, I was out of pocket.—Lilian G. Hempel, 1, Kensington Court Gardens, W.8.

Hand on heart, we protest that we have never put people in the pillory because they are landlords—only because they are *bad* landlords.

A.R.P. Hysterics

I was surprised on leaving a local cemetery yesterday to see A.R.P. bills posted on the stone gateposts facing inwards, where they could only be seen by mourners or people who had visited a loved one's grave. Surely, this is carrying things too far.—(Rev.) R. C. Mace, 7, Oak Road, Newton Park, Leeds.

This is part of A.R.P. hysteria, which in the interests of the scheme Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, new A.R.P. Minister, should kill.

"Golden" Pennies

As part of a talk on the National programme I have just heard it said that there is no truth in the assertion that 1864 pennies contained gold by accident and were therefore more valuable.

Yet I can well remember my mother, who kept a shop, being visited by the authorities in 1864 and told to return all her new pennies as the 1864 issue was being recalled.—J. W. Short, Glyn Neath, Glamorgan.

In 1864 there originated the joke that 1864 pennies were worth £7 15s. 4d. That number of pennies *is* worth that sum. From this jest arose the rumour that gold had been put in the coins by inadvertence. Such pennies were never recalled nationally, and the request mentioned by our reader must have been a local one made for some purely local reason.

Happy Hove

Notice-board on sea-front at Hove says: "Persons of the female sex" must bathe at place stipulated at hours laid down, and then only "providing they wear a garment or combination of garments extending from the neck to the knees sufficient to effectually prevent any indecent exposure." But I didn't have the joy of seeing any person of the female sex so attired.—Mr. W. H. Clark, 10, Browning Avenue, Sutton, Surrey.

Hove Justices can commit any person of the female sex who offends to 14 days jail. But Eve is safe in risking it at Hove—as she is at certain resorts where she can be imprisoned if she doesn't wear a bathing cape as well as voluminous costume.

"Terrier's" Talk

I AM proud to be a "Terrier"—like to wear the uniform. But why the terrible brown canvas overalls—baggy, wrinkled and slovenly everywhere, and issued irrespective of your size?

Outside the drill hall recently we heard a little girl say: "Are they convicts, mummie?" and the reply: "No, darling, they're from the workhouse."—"Fly-in-the-ointment," Stourbridge, Worc.

* * *

BOOTS issued to "Terriers" are of dull leather, saturated with grease to preserve them.

Officers, however, insist on them being brightly polished.

That calls for fantastic measures to get the grease out of them. Sometimes they are boiled, sometimes burned.—W. E. Robinson, 46, Broadsheath Terrace, Southwick, Sunderland, Co. Durham.

We want to know

What you are thinking about. Interesting things you've seen. Interesting things you've done.

So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published, and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.

And there are other pages where your co-operation is cordially welcomed—pages where you can help us to help you.

Sir Wyndham Childs .... Page 15
Greatest of These— ..... Page 24
Human Documents ..... Page 32
True Story ..... Page 34

Without Fear or Favour

HOODOO JOBS

—They Cost Industry Half a Million Every Week!

MEN and women who flit from job to job are costing British industry £26,000,000 a year—£500,000 a week.

In an attempt to cut down this vast and ever-growing bill, business men and factory owners asked the National Institute of Industrial Psychology to make a complete investigation of the problem—the biggest thing of its kind ever attempted.

Enquiries began in London, and now that they have been completed, a nation-wide research is being made.

Already reports are pouring in and they are proving one vital moral:

Most of that £26,000,000 could be saved! Because one man in two, and more than two women in five, change their jobs for reasons that could easily be avoided.

In ordinary occupations every 100 jobs are being filled yearly by 118 men and 134 women. One man in five and one woman in three leave their jobs every year.

A third of these workers make the change during their first three months, and another third between three and twelve months.

Every second girl and boy under eighteen goes from one job to another in the course of a year.

Staggering figures! They would be even more staggering if the building industry, domestic service, and transport were included in the census.

It was realised at the outset of the investigation that job-changing among these workers is so frequent that any attempt to include them in the statistics would draw a false picture of the national position.

Can you wonder that employers are worried?

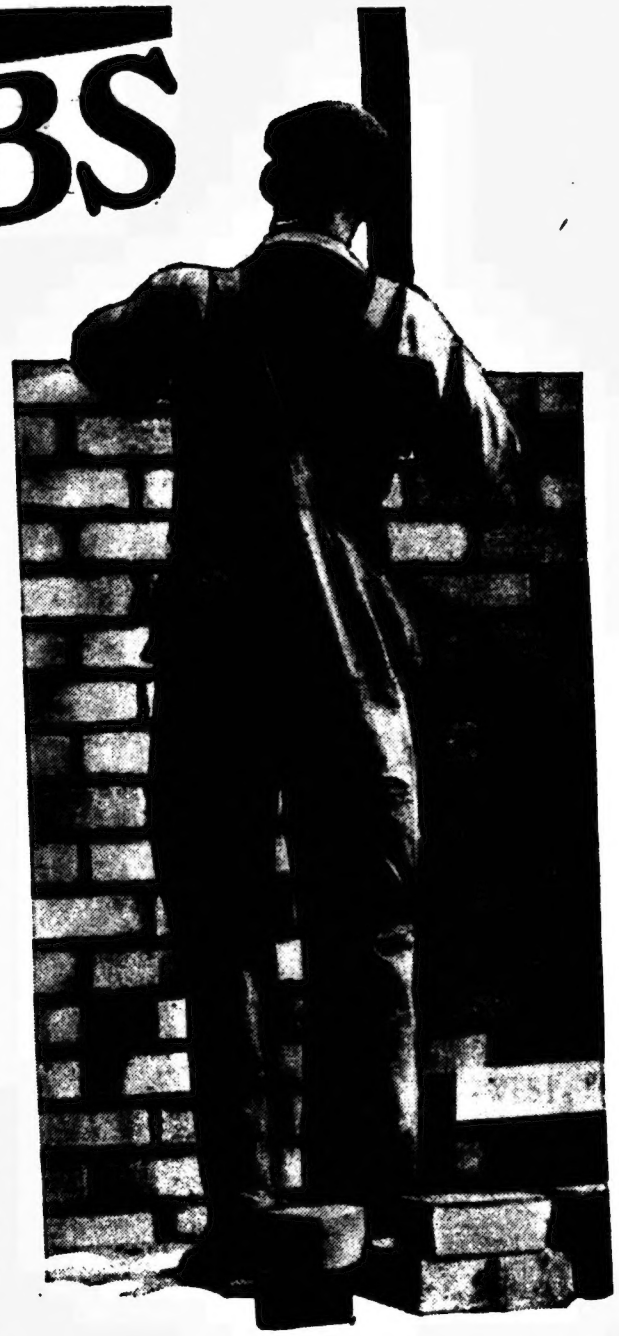
★ The time of their skilled workers is taken up teaching newcomers, with consequent loss of production during the training period, only to have the trainees leave as soon as they know the work.

Again, most mistakes and damage to plant are caused by new hands, and throughout industry nine-tenths of the accident rate, with liability for compensation, has to be attributed to newly engaged staff.

Turnover in stores, shops, restaurants and tea-rooms also falls heavily according to staff changes. The team and family spirit are lost, and contentment and efficiency decline in proportion.

Now we've got the salient facts fixed in our minds, let's take a look round key trades to see just why men and women "won't stay put."

And we'll begin with building, because, although it has been left out of the investigation, the National Institute of Industrial Psychology tells us that during a year three men fill every job.



In the building trade three men fill every job during a year

One in three waitresses leaves her job every month

★ A veteran of that industry, Mr. Arthur Rawson, of Chorlton Road, Manchester, gives, in a letter to JOHN BULL, what he believes are the real causes of the migration. And his opinions tally with the Institute's early discoveries.

"In 48 years of service," he writes, "I have been with 151 employers, including the number of times I have gone back to firms for which I had previously worked.

"The scramble for jobs in the building trade, with haphazard drifting from employer to employer, would be prevented if contractors co-operated with trade unions in organising some kind of labour pool.

"As soon as one piece of work is finished, the men engaged on it must rush off to someone else.

"Often the employer allows his men—who may have been working for him for months—to leave, and then finds in a day or two that he needs their services again.

"It is his fault if he cannot get them, and if h has to recruit fresh workers who, as they are unaccustomed to his methods, cause him delay and loss."

Large factories have a yearly labour turnover of 19 per cent. for men and 38 per cent. for women. In smaller establishments the rates are much higher—29 and 63 per cent., respectively.

Two other JOHN BULL readers, a man and a woman, give their views on this—views which are also shared by the Institute.

Says Mr. Alfred Kimble, of Herbert Road, Manor Park, London, E.:

"From 32 years' experience, I can say that most men leave their jobs in factories because of foremen who lack the qualities of leadership, are bullying or stubbornly ignorant.

"Charge hands and supervisors produce continual friction and discontent by their want of knowledge or intelligence in handling those under them.

"Justifiable complaints from the staff are ignored and not made known to higher authorities. Again, workers who make suggestions to improve efficiency and output, often find that, though their ideas have been adopted, the foreman has put them forward as his own and got the credit."

★ Says Mrs. Mary Grimes, widow, of Ashwell Road, Bradford:

"Girls throw up their jobs because so many factories are ugly and unpleasant, and few have rest rooms for the staff.

"Employers don't seem to be aware that the woman worker of to-day has a sense of taste and decency, and that she must have it satisfied in her workplace as well as in her home."

Twelve men and twenty women out of every 100 leave their jobs in small offices and warehouses annually. One-third more leave their work in shops.

"It isn't wages or hours that are responsible," says Miss Freda Wasley, of High Road, Tottenham, N. "The reason is that such a large number of offices are almost hovels and have bad cloakroom accommodation."

And again her explanation agrees with the answers of women and girls questioned by the Institute.

In the catering trades—tested from luxury hotel to tea-shops—every 100 jobs are filled each year by 149 women and 160 men. And one in three of the workers leaves in the first month.

★ "Blame low wages and long hours," says Miss L. Radcliffe, of Beresford Avenue, Wembley. She has been chambermaid, still-room maid and waitress in forty-seven hotels and restaurants in the past eleven years.

"We go from job to job," she adds, "on the chance that, one day, we will find something better and easier. Yet our employers tell us that customers 'like to see the same faces' in places they patronise, and that changes in staff cause loss of business."

In the investigation so far there has been only one bright spot—the contentment and security of the staffs of large business houses, banks and insurance offices.

Their men remain in service for an average of twenty years, and women for nearly eight years, when most leave to be married.

The moral of the investigation we have already pointed out—most staff changes are unnecessary. Employers have the remedy in their own hands. Good wages, good conditions. A remedy that will pay for itself by cutting down that £26,000,000 which hoodoo jobs are costing Britain's industry.

He Saved Variety

Courage, frankness, persistence and hard work—those are the things that have put George Black at the top of the ladder.

HANNEN SWAFFER'S NEW WHO'S WHO

No. 3 George Black

"Save the Empires!"

I WROTE that in an Open Letter to George Black when, in JOHN BULL in 1932, I prophesied his appointment as managing director of Moss Empires.

That year, Moss Empires—forty-two music-halls and eight theatres—had lost £84,000.

After six months, Black reduced the loss to £34,000. Next year, the Empires were "out of the red." Soon, they made yearly profits of £80,000, £100,000, £114,000. . . .

Even before then I had hailed George Black as the master showman of our time. "Showmanship," you know, consists of believing intensely in what you are doing at the moment—and then telling the world. Any showman can be convicted out of his own mouth.

"I have great faith in the future of the theatre," Black told me the other day. Obviously he meant it. He saw films failing to attract.

Yet I find in my cuttings that, in 1934, Black said to me, "I do not think that the theatre can progress because of limitations. But I know that the film can go on from progress to progress."

All showmen contradict themselves. Unless they stand on their heads, they cannot stand on their feet.

The Boss

Well, Black has made the Palladium stand on its feet, from the first night he took charge of it, ten years ago. Black, coming from Tyneside in days when I had never heard of him, then gave me a sensational interview which proved that he had "guts."

He denounced agents, artists, nearly everybody in the business.

"Most agents are parasites," he said. "Nearly all artists are hard to handle."

That interview established in London a man who, until then, was unknown except in the provinces. It proved that George Black was not in any graft. It made him the Boss. And the Boss he has remained to this day.

He still speaks, in some moods, with scorn of artists, quoting the old Lee Shubert line, "An actor is a ham."

"Oh, is he at Brighton next week?" he said to me, not long ago, speaking of a world-famous star. "It's very kind of him to work for me. I suppose he will condescend to take a guarantee of £400 for the week, just to keep him out of the gutter. He'll leave a few shillings for us, I hope.

His Secret

"Even then, he'll worry, as they all do, about his bill display and his publicity. Always before I have a music-hall poster printed I call in a K.C. to sit beside me, to make sure that the size of each artist's name complies with the contract."

Then I have heard him say, "A comedian ought to kneel down every night and thank God he gave him something to fall on. Otherwise he couldn't get a laugh."

I remember, too, standing beside Black at a Variety Command Performance, and hearing him say of a famous comedian who was making the King and Queen scream with merriment. "Swaff, is it genius or just sheer ignorance?"

Yet, in another mood, I have heard him remark of an artist, "I don't know how that guy does it. All the women are mad about him. I'd give half I've got to be able to walk on a stage like that, and I would pay £5 myself to see his turn."

George Black's secret is his courage, his frankness and his persistence in hard work.

All day Monday, when it has a Variety bill, Black sits in the stalls at the Palladium, watching every rehearsal, supervising every light, making sure that all the curtains and tabs and backcloths are right, cutting lines from the dialogue. All this he does himself.

Then, that night, he will watch the show all through at the first house, and then go on to the Holborn Empire for the second house.

He saved Variety, in its dark days, by speeding it up, making artists forget their rivalries and work together, one introducing the next, and all that sort of thing.

He stopped the long dreary waits, during which the last chorus would be played by the orchestra over and over again. He made artists smarten themselves up, buy better costumes . . .

Then, in a moment of genius, he invented the Crazy Show, which, to-day, is the only form of entertainment to which you can send an overseas visitor and say, "When you rock with laughter at the Crazy Gang, you will see something not to be found in any other theatre in the world."

"Coming Back"

So it was that, from George Black's very first night at the Palladium, which was losing £800 a week when he went there, it started to take £4,000 a week.

The dying music-hall took heart again. "Variety is coming back," it said.

To-day, Moss Empires stage 400 acts every week.

Black now runs repertory—at Nottingham, Penge, Swansea and Birmingham—two shows nightly. West End plays at prices of 6d. to 2s., good acting for the masses. The Nottingham company at first took only £230 a week, but soon was drawing £900, never going below £800.

When Penge was a failure, George said, "Let the public in free for a week!"

That, indeed, was showmanship. It put Penge on the map.

Yet, even when let in for nothing, some of the public were particular. One old lady arrived to get her free seat and sent for the manager, who had to come all the way down from his office.

"I can't bear to be in a crowd," she said. "Can I have a box?"

They gave her a box, and that she sat in, all by herself!

Now you may often, when you listen to "Music Hall" every Saturday night, get annoyed with the reiterated line, "By permission of George Black." You would think he ran the show.

Actually, it was Black who ended the war between the B.B.C. and the music-hall, allowing artists to appear only on his own terms, ensuring, say, that if Wee Georgie Wood were under contract to him, he used a sketch that, on the halls, was worn out.

Peril in Sight

Now, with television gradually evolving as the next permanent form of entertainment—and in this country it is so much more advanced than in the United States that the American newspapers will not mention it!—it is George Black who has discovered the way in which television can help the theatre, and not ruin it.

Actually, there are now in use fewer than 6,000 television sets in the country, and 1,000 of these are either demonstration machines or ones being used for experiments. Till "entertainment" is provided, they will not boom. Still, the peril was in sight. . . .

So after a month's thought, Black worked out a scheme, and this he disclosed at lunch, the other week, to Sir John Reith, who "nearly fell off his seat," to quote George Black's words.

"How can you get entertainment?" he said to him. "You cannot, for ever, send out a picture of a man telling people if they should plant peas in June, or whether roses should be put in upside down."

"So how can they get plays? 'Hide and Seek,' for instance, cost £12,000 to stage. The author and composers will probably receive £4,000 in royalties.

"Bobby Howes and Cecily Courtneidge rehearsed for weeks for nothing, with Jack Hulbert producing all the time. Now, how can you produce that for one night's performance?

"Yet until you can televise such a show, you cannot sell many sets."

Then Black disclosed his idea—that a television set should have two switches, one for gardening talks, interviews with celebrities and the usual tripe, and a slot in which a shilling can be put by any person wanting to see a play or a big sports contest.

"'George and Margaret,' for instance, could be televised in the last week of its run," he explained, "and half of all the shillings could go to the management.

"This could apply to all fights, big races and Cup Ties. Otherwise, why should promoters allow it?"

Black afterwards made to me this epoch-making pronouncement—"If there were 40,000 television sets in the country, and if transmission has reached the perfection I am told it has, I would allow the next Variety Command Performance to be televised and gamble on how many sixpences I got.

He will Win!

"That performance is the high spot of the year. Nearly everyone would listen-in. I should probably get £1,000 for the charity. It is the most I've ever got for broadcasting it."

Black, now, is defending the broadcasting of the next Variety Command Performance against the rest of the entertainment world, all lined up, all complaining that, last year, it cost the theatres and cinemas £100,000.

"Let the public have a night out with the King," he says. He will win!

So it may happen that George Black, who, as a small boy, sold peanuts in his father's travelling waxworks show, will soon be a waxwork himself—in Madame Tussaud's!

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OFFICIAL SECRETS— AND YOU!

THE storm that has raged in Parliament and in the Press during the past few days on the subject of the Official Secrets Act has a lesson for us all. In this article I should like to make that lesson clear and drive it home to the individual conscience.

The facts are simple.

We are living in troublous times. The shadow of war hangs over the world and every nation is arming to the teeth.

This country alone is committed to an additional expenditure of £1,500,000,000 on armaments, and all over the land great factories and aerodromes, dedicated to the great God of War, are springing up like asparagus in May.

We are not indulging in this vast waste of the national resources because we like it.

We know that it is the road to ruin, and that, though we have a longer purse than most, it will reduce us to bankruptcy with the rest in the end.

We are doing it because, in the circumstances of Europe to-day, we have no choice. National security must be established, no matter what the cost.

But is it being secured?

On that subject the gravest disquietudes prevail. They prevail especially in regard to the air, and nothing has intensified them more than the admissions made by the Government themselves.

It is three years since Mr. Churchill warned Mr. Baldwin, then Prime Minister, of the enormous scale of German rearmament.

His facts were disputed, his warnings were disregarded, and a whole year was lost before the truth was admitted and action was taken.

Keep that fact in mind in relation to what follows.

How it came about that Mr. Churchill had knowledge that the Government had not, I do not know. But clearly he had secret sources of information—perhaps "official" sources.

What we do know is that he was right, and that if his warning had been taken in time we should not be in the alarmingly backward position that is the case to-day.

IT is due to the freedom Mr. Churchill exercised as a Member of Parliament of telling the Government and the country the truth—perhaps, I repeat, from "official" sources—that the case is not worse.

That freedom is still urgently necessary. For the most disquieting suspicions exist as to our air defences.

Every club-room seethes with rumours of our inefficiency, and the disturbing disclosures of Sir Hugh Seely on the subject in the House of Commons cannot be dissociated from the fall of Lord Swinton, the Minister of Air, a month or two ago.

Probably those disclosures, too, were based on secret official information. I do not know.

What we do know is that, through the liberty of Members of Parliament to tell the facts (however they come by them) to the country, the Air Ministry has been shaken out of its complacency.

And now unrest has been occasioned by allegations made by Mr. Duncan Sandys. He apparently became acquainted with certain supposed grave defects in our air rearmament system, brought them privately before the War Minister, was informed later by the Attorney-General that he was in the possession of "official secrets," and was called on to disclose the source of his information.

It is not surprising that this attempt to muzzle Parliament has shocked even the most ardent supporters of the Government and has led to the setting up of a select committee, not only to investigate Mr. Sandys' allegations, but to consider the broader question of the application of the Official Secrets Act to M.P.s.

"If it were held," says the *Times*, "that Members of Parliament were bound to disclose the sources of their information then one of the greatest safeguards of the individual citizen would disappear."

The first function of Parliament would be abolished, for no scandal was ever exposed there without "unauthorised disclosures" by somebody.

And this action has been taken under an Act (the Official Secrets Act) passed a year or two after the war—for what? Not to interfere with the liberties of Parliament or to stifle the disclosure of facts relating to the highest interests of the State.

No. It was passed to deal with the activities of spies and enemies of the State.

When it was enacted, the then Attorney-General (now the Lord Chief Justice) intimated that the Press had nothing to fear from it. Still less was it suggested that the liberties of Parliament were endangered by it.

BUT in recent months we have seen this legislation against spies employed to convict a Lancashire journalist for refusing to give the source of his secret information about the activities of a petty swindler.

And to-day we have the astounding case of Mr. Sandys.

Now this is not an academic question affecting Parliament and the Press. It is a threat to the liberties of all of us.

If what happened to the Stockport journalist a few weeks ago were tolerated none of us would be safe from the attentions of the police if we became possessed of information which the authorities were anxious for one reason or another to keep from the public knowledge.

The Act passed to deal with spies would become an instrument for turning this country into a police-ridden State like Germany.

Do not suppose that this danger is unreal or even remote. We are so habituated to freedom that we treat it as a matter of course.

But it is not so. That freedom has been won by centuries of struggle against the tyrannies of life—monarchical, despotic, authoritarian, call them what you will—that seek to keep the common people in chains.

Those tyrannies may be overthrown, but they are never dead. We have seen them leap into life over the whole face of Europe, until human liberty is extinct from the Rhine to the Sea of Japan.

WE have survived the flood of reaction that has submerged the Continent because our democratic roots are deeper in the soil.

But this must not delude us into thinking that our freedom is invulnerable to attack.

The forces that have made so complete a conquest of democracy in Germany, Italy and elsewhere have their sympathisers here, ready if the opportunity offers to do for liberty in Britain what the Hitlers, Stalins and Mussolinis have done for it elsewhere.

It will not be an easy task, whether it is attempted from the Left or the Right, but we cannot dismiss such an attempt as outside the range of possibility in the explosive world of to-day.

Our business is to stamp out the first approaches to such a menace.

Liberty is won at infinite cost, but it can be lost, as we have seen in so many lands, almost without a struggle.

The price of its maintenance, as Stuart Mill said, is still "eternal vigilance."

It is this fact which justifies the storm that has been raised in regard to the Official Secrets Act.

And it is this fact which should encourage every lover of freedom to regard himself as the guardian of our democratic institutions.

Those institutions represent your only grip upon your personal liberties.

Lose them and you become the dragooned and driven slaves of the servile State.

No one wants to see the British bulldog muzz'ed . . .

By A. G. Gardiner

Means to an End

The Human Machine

YOU may define Life in a vast number of ways.

All of them will bear a certain resemblance to the truth.

But for a practical definition you might find it hard to better the idea that Life is a series of problems that have to be solved.

And if you once think of Life in that way, you think of a whole lot of other things as well.

For problem-solving means preparedness, alertness, adaptability, mental agility, experience, and a thousand and one other qualities.

You have only to tackle such a simple problem as a crossword puzzle to realise that, in problem-solving, hard work is not in itself enough to provide a satisfactory answer.

Hard work is an essential, but it needs an extensive background of other qualities if it is to be the useful tool it should be.

"Zeal alone," wrote someone, "accomplishes little. The gun must be aimed as it is fired. All around us we see persons who are failures because they have come to the rivers of opportunity bringing no net in their hands. Your tool is important as well as you. Don't *be* a crank—but turn one. Men *and* machinery make the world go."

You must do two things if you are to succeed. You must see clearly the end you have in view, and you must determine exactly what are the best means for attaining that end.

And the last is possibly the more important of the two; for a method that will bring results in one situation will not do so in another.

CANDID CARTOONS BY Kem

WILL IT COME TO THIS ?
The Select Committee on the Official Secrets Act is put under arrest for discussing Official Secrets.
CONSERVATIVE YOUTH TO AID PARTY CONTROL
"Sign here. It's just a little Act abolishing punishment in Schools."
MEN'S BEAUTY CORNER
Herbert Morrison says Air Fire Services (A.R.P.) uniforms are very smart.
AMERICAN COMMISSION STUDIES BRITISH LABOUR CONDITIONS.
"They say that no one was machine-gunned or lynched in their last strike.
"Nobody'll believe that back home. Put down the road casualties!"
LADY WINDBAG AT THE INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE OF WOMEN
"The trouble with these International Conferences is that they are so un-English."

OPEN LETTERS

Lord MAUGHAM,
Lord Chancellor

MY LORD,—No doubt evidence is reaching you about the tragic consequences of a bad flaw in the new Divorce Act.

Poor Persons Procedure Committees all over the country have been working for months, completing evidence and documents, for tens of thousands of people who should be entitled to divorce on the ground of desertion.

Much of this work is now found to have been in vain because, in many cases, one of the parties had, at some time, been paying or receiving payment under a separation order.

It is galling that this technical trifle in the Act should be nullifying a great piece of matrimonial legislation.

You could have it corrected with a single speech. Please make it.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Earl STANHOPE,
President, Board of Education

MY LORD,—Are you aware that education authorities in many parts of the country are changing the dates of school holidays because the harvest is likely to be early?

Despite the new ban on child labour, youngsters will be hired by farmers who want to evade paying proper wages to adults.

Your department must intervene—or stand convicted of helping to break the law.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. OLIVER STANLEY,
President, Board of Trade

SIR,—After having satisfied yourself that the tremendous export of German light cars to Britain is subsidised—I gave you the evidence long ago—you now intend to have tariffs piled up against them.

That won't stop an encroachment that is causing unemployment in an important British industry.

The only remedy is the one offered by the Dominions, France and America—to prohibit the importation of all goods made by sweated labour.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. WALTER ELLIOT,
Minister of Health

SIR,—Copying an infamous example set by the Malden (Surrey) Council, to which you offered no remonstrance, local authorities up and down the country are now subjecting tenants to Means Test inquisitions to discover if more rent can be extracted from them.

Some councils are even inflating what is called the "economic rent" of their houses to as high as 27s. a week, to give them the opportunity to investigate the incomes of occupiers.

Others are also making it a new condition of existing tenancy agreements that the householders must submit periodically to further examination of their means.

You may agree. I doubt if a judge of the High Court will do so when the legality of this autocracy is tested.—JOHN BULL.

JUSTICES' BENCH,
Canterbury

GENTLEMEN,—Your treatment of a witness in your court is inexplicable.

An officer in a well-known regiment stuck by his religious principles and asked to be allowed to take the oath on the Bible used in the Roman Catholic Church.

You ordered him to go half a mile to find one for himself. Moreover, on his return, you refused to take the case in which he was concerned until the end of the day.

Even in the lowest branch of the judiciary such intolerance cannot be permitted.—JOHN BULL.

MINERS' FEDERATION: Success to your plan to weld miners' unions into a National Mineworkers' Union, biggest piece of industrial organisation ever. —JOHN BULL.

JUDGE SIR ARTEMUS JONES: Thanks for endorsing my condemnation of employers' organisations which induce disabled workers, unaware of full rights, to sign documents jeopardising compensation rights.—JOHN BULL.

GRIMSBY TOWN COUNCIL: Am disturbed by reports from Grimsby readers that you are victimising workers who have not volunteered for A.R.P. by reducing them in rank and pay and prejudicing their employment. Clear the air.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEORGE GRAHAM,
Secretary, Scottish F.A.

DEAR SIR,—So you have turned down the commonsense and helpful proposal of the English Football Association to number players in international, cup-tie and other important games.

But you seem determined that the councillors and officials of the sport shall be easily identified by the public on these occasions. Your Association decrees that they shall wear a special tie of natty design—three silver lions on a dark blue background.

Pardon me if I smile.—JOHN BULL.

Lady ASTOR,
House of Commons

DEAR LADY ASTOR,—I am really sorry that the authorities in Buckinghamshire and other counties should be resisting your plea for the appointment of women police.

Apart from the special services which they can perform in any community, I am interested in reports I have had from Cambridge and other towns where the women officers take over road duties at the busiest hours of the day.

My correspondents are unanimous in saying that their efficiency and courtesy are a model for their brothers in uniform.—JOHN BULL.

WATER BOARD,
Biggleswade, Beds.

SIRS,—So badly controlled is the water supply for your locality that you have had to cut it off for six hours a day.

Even the appeal of the commanding officer of Cardington Aerodrome against this measure has been refused. Yet he has the care of the inflammable gas for the balloon barrage against raiding aircraft.

Worse still, members of your Board are openly declaring that working-class people cause waste by having one bath a week, instead of one a fortnight.

Save me from your management of a public service.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. CLARICE LEWIS,
Vicarage, Orleton, Herts.

DEAR MADAM,—I applaud your courage in challenging in the courts two of your husband's women parishioners who gossiped about you.

This evil in small communities is as rife as ever.

It was unfortunate that you did not press for damages. The £500 which Mr. Justice Charles would have ordered your enemies to pay is the best cure for poison tongues.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. Barbara Ayrton Gould, J.P.

has been touring the country for "John Bull" studying at first hand the rise in the cost of living. Three points higher than this time last year—55 per cent. above the 1914 level—the index figure is still climbing. But statistics are cold, soulless things. You must go into the homes of the people to see what those extra three points mean, realise to the full—

The Tragedy of PLUS THREE

Flats like these are luxury after slumland, but too often families they house are slowly starving

WE are always hearing about the wonderful social services in Britain, and no one can deny that great strides have been made in the last thirty years in certain directions.

But it seems strange that our social conscience, which rightly demands that the people shall be decently housed, does not also insist upon their being adequately fed.

Untold suffering is concealed behind the clean lace curtains of spick-and-span little council houses.

We know all about nutrition these days, and we know just how much, or rather how little, of the various different forms of food are essential for the health of men, women and children of all ages.

We know, too, to our sorrow, that only a tiny proportion of the people have incomes large enough to permit of their obtaining the essential minimum.

Most of the mothers are not only unable to buy the *quantity* of food necessary to keep their families in health, but their poverty forces them to buy the *poorest quality* of everything. Their first consideration must always be bulk.

At all costs they must try to prevent the children from suffering actual pangs of hunger.

SO they are obliged to fill the little stomachs with bread and potatoes—foods that are filling but have practically no body-building value.

In recent months, since the cost of living has risen so much, this trouble has become infinitely worse.

Shopkeepers in working-class districts have told me how their sales have been affected by the rise in prices. In many places only the poorest quality of foodstuffs is now stocked.

An investigation into the lives and conditions of working-class families to-day shows the urgent necessity for a new approach to wages and the cost of living in relation to health.

The one thing we must not tax is the health of the people—and that is the one thing that is being taxed above everything else to-day. This, quite apart from being hideously cruel, is ludicrously uneconomic.

Millions of pounds are spent every year on trying to patch up bodies that poverty has broken down.

The Joneses are typical of many families I have visited in every industrial area in the country.

Mr. Jones earns two guineas a week, on which he and his wife and three children have to live.

They pay fifteen shillings rent, another three shillings goes on clubs and insurance, and they pay two shillings all the year round to a coal club which just enables them to keep a fire going all day in the cold weather—that is, of course, when the seasons are reasonable, and there is no long spell of cold weather.

Unfortunately, Mr. Jones, like so many other people, lives some distance from his work, so that his travelling expenses are 2s. 8d. a week, although he walks nearly six miles a day in all weathers to keep them as low as possible.

After these deductions, there is nineteen and fourpence left to feed five people, and at the present rates it is impossible for the whole family to be properly nourished on less than thirty shillings a week.

So they have to go short of everything except bread and potatoes. This explains why the children are always so sickly and miserable-looking.

They have a nice little modern house with electric light. Actually, they would rather not have been slum cleared two years ago, because they are now obliged to pay more rent, and Mr. Jones has travelling expenses which he did not have formerly.

THIS, alas! is typical of the plight of thousands of families who have been removed from slum clearance areas to new housing estates.

The children are even more sickly living in new houses in healthy areas than they were in their miserable slum homes.

Even in the old homes there was not enough money for food, and, of course, the new houses all have higher rents.

The consequence is that the harm caused by the shortage of food more than counterbalances the good results of fresh air and pleasant surroundings.

It is frequently stated that there is prosperity in Britain to-day, and that the greatest sign of it is that there are so many more people in employment than there were a few years ago.

Unfortunately, however, for the workers, employment does not necessarily mean well-being.

In his Foreword to the Report of the Unemployment Assistance Board for 1937, Lord Rushcliffe points out that some 30,000 unemployed men are receiving practically the same income from Unemployment Assistance as they are able to earn when in full work, and he adds: ". . . . it can be said that the applicant is as well off on the Board's allowance as he would be in employment."

Later he says: "The applicants whose allowances approximate most closely to the amounts they would earn if in work are mostly men with large families of children. *The needs of such households are not necessarily less because the father's normal wages are low, having regard to his domestic responsibilities.*

"While, on the one hand, the Board are aware of the importance of maintaining a reasonable relationship between allowances and wages, *they cannot disregard their primary duty of meeting need.*" (The italics are mine.)

Actually, with the present high cost of living, the allowances given by the Board by no means meet the primary needs of the unemployed and their families.

AT the beginning of last winter the rates of benefit paid by the Board were so disgracefully low that public opinion forced them to raise the allowances by 5s. a week where the applicants had families to keep.

The position is still most unsatisfactory, since the Board refused to raise the allowances until the cost of living had risen by twelve points, and they withdrew the extra money when it had only dropped four points below the original twelve points rise.

Now, in fact, the married claimants are worse off than they were a year ago, and even then there were continual protests at the shamefully low standard of life enforced upon all U.A.B. applicants and their families.

These facts make it clear that the Board does not even attempt to maintain the unemployed in any way above the very lowest subsistence level.

In view of this, Lord Rushcliffe's statement is a terrible indictment of wage rates prevailing in the country to-day.

Actually, although there are nearly a million more people employed than in 1932, the wages of the workers are so low that the great mass of those who are working, as well as the unemployed, live in a perpetual state of grinding poverty.

HUNDREDS of thousands of fathers of families are earning anything from two guineas to 48s. for a full week's work. And it must not be forgotten that, for a man working full time, there is no relief!

His children cannot obtain free meals or milk at school, and the law does not permit the man to obtain any Unemployment Assistance, however necessary it may be for "meeting need."

This is an age of science. We have scientific farming, scientific production, scientific distribution.

Everything is scientifically arranged for except the well-being of the people. It is time we also produced a scientific method of checking the soaring costs of living and securing a well-fed and healthy nation.

Captain Reckless

"Why worry? There's only one life to live and the fuller it is crammed with hectic excitement the better." That's the philosophy of Captain Frank H. Shaw, famous writer of full-blooded sea yarns. And he should know! Nicknamed "Captain Reckless," his adventures are as thrilling and colourful as anything he has devised in fiction. Pearl-poaching, seal-hunting in forbidden seas, and gun-running are just a few of the escapades of the man whose parents apprenticed him to a starvation windjammer because they wanted to cure his wanderlust and make him settle down as a doctor.

Now Captain Shaw has been persuaded to write some of his adventures specially for JOHN BULL. The episode, "I Cheat a Firing Squad," will appear next week.

Captain F. H. Shaw—the skipper with the Drake touch

Why more people prefer the 30-Second Breakfast to any other

It's far crisper, far more delicious. It's chock-full of nourishment and it takes only 30 seconds to serve . . .

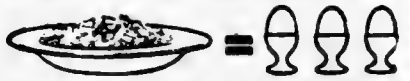
IT'S TRUE! More people today prefer a delicious breakfast of Kellogg's to any other! You see, it takes only 30 seconds to serve.

Then, too, Kellogg's are extra *crisp*. And there's a special inner "Waxtite" wrapper to protect that cool crispness to the very last flake. Kellogg's makes a fine energy meal too! Actually, a plateful with milk and sugar has more energy value than 3 eggs.

Delight your family with a delicious 30-second breakfast tomorrow morning. You'll find it very economical — a big packet costs only 5½d. And you'll be thrilled with the time and trouble it saves you. Your grocer has Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

OUT IN ALL WEATHERS. Working out of doors in all weathers gives a man a keen zest for his food. "I like Kellogg's," says Mr. Taylor, farmer, of Branchal, Bridge of Weir. "They're so crisp and tasty — not mushy and flavourless like other cereals. My wife likes them too, because they take only 30 seconds to serve."

SCIENTIFIC PROOF
of the great energy-giving power of the "30-SECOND BREAKFAST"



An analysis made at a leading dietetic laboratory shows that a bowlful of Kellogg's with milk and sugar has more energy value than 3 eggs. That is why workers find the 30-second breakfast so sustaining.

BRIGHT AND EARLY. Early mornings, long hours — that's what the motor mechanic has to expect. But Mr. Hester of Worcester Park doesn't worry. The 30-second breakfast gives him a flying start. "Kellogg's are always ready," he says, "no matter what time I come down. And they give me energy — keep me going till lunch."

FIRST STEPS TO FITNESS. "With Baby to attend to and Cynthia to get off to school, you can imagine I appreciate the extra ease and quickness of a 30-second breakfast," says Mrs. Smith of Leicester. "Kellogg's are so much crisper and nicer — and they're splendidly nourishing." You see Baby in action with Kellogg's on the left!

30 SECONDS TO SERVE — KEEPS YOU GOING TILL LUNCH

"My thoughts grow in the aroma of that particular tobacco."
(*Earl Baldwin, Dundee, 1925*)

Presbyterian Mixture

A. GALE & CO., LTD., GLASGOW.

I AM A LIGHT FAIR-HEAD

...Once my Hair began to Darken Then I Found A New Way to Bring Back My Natural *LIGHTER* Golden Colour Without that Brassy Bleached Cheap Look!

It's a fascinating new easy way to bring out the full radiant light loveliness of fair hair—whether it is ash, mousy or brownish. Sta-blond is a shampoo which not only cleans and makes bright hair light and fluffy (any shampoo can do that), but washes it 2-4 shades *lighter* in a few minutes and brings out that natural, lustrous golden sheen which makes light fair girls so attractive. Sta-blond keeps light fair hair golden *always* and prevents it from darkening. Further it contains the remarkable VitaF, which prevents dandruff and brittleness, and rejuvenates the roots. You'll find that your perm takes better when you use Sta-blond. Try Sta-blond today and keep your hair lighter, lovelier and more lustrous. It can never get dark or mousy while you use this wonderful shampoo.

CONTAINS NO DYES OR INJURIOUS BLEACHES

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel — and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-

WAS BALD

Oldham.

"For two years I was bald all over the top of my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I used Kotalko. New hair came almost immediately, and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair."

H. A. WILD.

If Bald, Going Bald, Losing Hair through Dandruff or any other cause, post or send copy of Coupon below

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 9, Percy St. (53-JW), London, W.1. Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of **Kotalko** and **Kotalko Soap**, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO
Cleanse & Soften Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP—the Tonic Shampoo.

When a Woman Wants to Kill She Turns to—

By some curious mental process women consider poison the kindest form of murder

POISON!

MYSTERIES of poison deaths come in cycles. Medical and police records prove that fact.

There is a lull for a time, and then the poisoners get busy again.

During the past two months the police in different parts of the country have been engaged in a number of poison cases. At the moment there are two investigations which may lead to sensational developments.

Most of the poisoners convicted in this country have been women. That is so with all countries.

Because poison is essentially a woman's method of attack and vengeance.

Psychologists say that every murder—except that by poison—requires courage, the "power to do" and physical strength.

Those are not feminine qualities, and again every woman has an inborn aversion to the use of weapons.

Also—by some curious mental process—women consider poisoning to be the *kindest* form of murder, because the symptoms so closely resemble those of a natural illness.

In England, a wide variety of poisons have been used for criminal purposes, but cyanide of potassium (prussic acid)—the poison which killed William Murfitt, the wealthy Suffolk farmer—is the least favoured.

Although the action is only second in swiftness to nicotine, there can be no doubt as to the cause of death. The odour of sweet almonds about the lips of the victim gives the game away at once.

The most recent instance of its use for deliberate murder was at Hamburg some years ago, when eight persons were killed.

ARSENIC and strychnine, however, are another matter. The would-be murderer turns to them at once.

Both are easily obtainable, as in various forms they are kept for quite proper purposes in farms and country houses.

One packet of sheep-dip, for example, contains 1,400 fatal doses of arsenic.

Administered in small doses over a period, arsenic gives its victim the appearance of suffering from acute gastritis.

Consequently a medical man may be easily misled.

But arsenic can always be detected after death—no matter how long.

The delicate, but comparatively easy, "Marsh" test will find arsenic wherever it exists, and in the most minute quantities. It is infallible.

Under the test a smudge—which looks like a dark mirror—is produced in a glass tube. From the size and density of the smudge, the analyst can say with absolute mathematical accuracy how much arsenic was administered.

Major Armstrong, solicitor, of Hay, used arsenic to murder his wife, and in an attempt to murder his professional rival.

ONLY when, after one successful poisoning, he tried a second was there any suspicion against him.

When arrested, Armstrong had in his waistcoat pocket two grains of arsenic—a fatal dose—screwed in a cigarette-paper.

He accounted for it by saying that he intended to use it to kill dandelions on his tennis-court, but the jury at his trial did not believe him.

In the Croydon mystery, nine years ago, arsenic killed three people in one family.

Here, again, the first two deaths were regarded as being "natural." It was not until the third death that enquiries revealed an amazing sequence of poisoning.

Miss Vera was killed by arsenic in soup. Mrs. Sydney, her mother, was killed by arsenic with medicine, and Edmund Creighton Duff, son-in-law, was killed by arsenic in beer or whisky.

The mystery is still unsolved.

Strychnine is one of the most terrible of poisons. It causes acute agony and fear.

Lieut. H. G. Chevis, of the Royal Artillery, Blackdown Camp, Aldershot, died from strychnine, and his case is one which police students in college are told to study.

It is put forward as a "classic" unsolved crime.

THE facts were these. Lieut. Chevis had a partridge for dinner, and became ill soon after the meal. He died with a doctor in attendance.

His wife, who had eaten another partridge, was stricken down in the same way, but recovered.

Now there was no doubt whatever that the poison which caused Lieut. Chevis's death, and the illness of his wife, came from the partridges.

By some means the partridges had been impregnated with strychnine, presumably injected under the skin of the birds while they were in a meat safe outside the Chevis bungalow.

That was the accepted scientific theory. But who could have done it? That question was never answered.

Jean Pierre Vaquier, the bearded Frenchman from Bordeaux, used strychnine to poison Alfred Jones, of the "Blue-Anchor" Hotel, West Byfleet, Surrey.

The poison was mixed in a bottle of salts. Vaquier bought enough to kill a regiment from a chemist in Southampton-row, London. He said he wanted the stuff for photographic work.

And it's uncomfortable to think how easily common poisons can be obtained across a chemist's counter—despite all restrictions.

But at least those restrictions confine the use of narcotic poisons to the professionally skilled. They disappear quickly after death, making detection almost impossible.

Rarest poison of all—hyoscin—was used by Dr. Crippen, of notorious memory, to kill his wife.

IN the ordinary way all traces of hyoscin would evaporate from a body in a few days, but Crippen buried his wife in quicklime, which preserved the poison.

And that was one of the reasons why he was convicted, a typical example how a little mistake invariably traps a poisoner

They calculate their crime. They weigh up everything, and then they forget the minor details—like Crippen, like Armstrong, like a score of other "front page" villains.

With reference to our Open Letter to Councillor J. H. Mountain, Mayor of Boston, Lincs, on May 21, we learn that the incident regarding an Australian who wrote to the Mayor for an introduction to a Boston lady with a view to matrimony occurred before he took office. We gladly make this clear.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

"A prize confounded nuisance, thou!"

Yes, sir! He's my baby!

IMPELLED by a keen sense of duty,
I issue this warning to girls:
Beware of the masculine beauty
With curls!

Oh, better, my dears, remain lonely
Than seek disappointment to reap;
For, after all, beauty is only
Skin deep.

Your curly-haired darling, as fair as
Apollo, remember, I beg,
May soon be as lacking in hair as
An egg!

SO, Gertie, if your romance with a boy friend with a semi-perm becomes unstuck you'll have only your idiotic little self to blame!

Remember: You Have Been Warned—once by me and once by Dr. Winifred Rushforth, who informed a Y.W.C.A. audience that courting curly-haired men for their looks is courting disaster.

Too often, it seems, these curled darlings "are merely looking for a second mother."

And, when they find one, what do the naughty little things do but "specialise in aches and pains for their wives to look after."

You must admit, Gertie, that it isn't terribly funny to be married to a great, big, beautiful doll who is always wanting a mustard plaster put on one or other of his symptoms.

But, perhaps, being the sentimental little sap you are, you rather like the idea.

For, with all respect to Dr. Winifred, the men who are looking for women to mother them are less numerous than the women who are looking for men to mother.

There have been so many films depicting sweet young things managing and mothering tough guys in wild west mining camps and similar places that the world has become uncomfortably crowded with misguided maidens who see themselves in this rôle.

While on his feet, a man can put up a fight against the theory that he is just wee wifie's big baby boy, but let him be laid up with a sneeze or a hangover and, believe me, he's "for it"!

O woman! in our hours of ease
You can't behave just as you please;
But lo! when anguish wrings our brow,
A prize confounded nuisance thou!

For then as Florence Nightingale
To see yourself you do not fail!
But I (since I'm a Perfect Swine!)
To help you play this rôle decline.

Be warned! If more beef tea you make,
Or try my temperature to take,
Or once again "arrange" the bed,
I'll throw a pillow at your head!

Y. Z.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY. Sell Tablecloths Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 bargains. Oldest, Largest, Cheapest & Best Wholesale firm. Write now for Catalogue & Guide.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

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XMAS Club Agents wanted. Highest Comm. A Square Deal Guaranteed.—Write for 250-page Cat. Terms, Free Gifts.—Humberside Supply Co., Ltd. (Dept. 49), Wright Street, Hull.

XMAS CLUBS HIGHEST COMMISSION IN TRADE. Cadbury, Terry, Rowntree, Players, Wills, etc. Huge range Toys, Fancy Goods. XMAS GIFT every agent. BIG CASH BONUS. P.c. brings Wonderful Catalogue & Comm. Terms. Midland Confectionery (Dept. 43) Shipley.

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EMPLOYMENT.

ROYAL AIR FORCE —Men required for enlistment as AIRCRAFT HANDS. No previous experience necessary, and elementary education is sufficient. Age limits 18-38. Write or call:—R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, Victory House, Kingsway London, W.C.2, or any R.A.F. Recruiting Depot.

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FOR ALL DISORDERS CAUSED BY EXHAUSTION OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM

From Chemists, Tablets or Liquid, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-

WARNING: THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS

C.F.H.

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RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT is a sure and quick way of banishing all head pests. At the same time it adds lustre to the hair and improves its growth. Thousands of families have proved its effectiveness during the past 50 years. Sold in boxes, 4d. and 8d., from all good Chemists, or by post, 8½d. and 9½d. RANKIN & CO., Dept. "Q," KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

SUFFERERS from hair troubles can obtain a testing packet of Kotalko, the hair grower, and a tablet of Kotalko soap on receipt of 3d. and the coupon completed on page 12.

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FREE.—A sample of Bole's Gin Pills for Kidney Trouble, Backache, etc. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 31/33a, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. See p. 24.

A FREE Sample of URACE brand tablets for rheumatism sufferers is offered in ad. on p. 32.

PRESTOBAND, the new self-adhesive bandage, requires no knots or pins. It's neat, firm and comfortable and does not stick to the skin. It can be obtained in 3 sizes at 2d., 6d. and 9d. from all chemists. See page 29.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SPECIAL Cookery Book has been published by the British Medical Association. Particulars appear on page 22.

HOUSEWIVES. Get a free copy of a booklet "Home-made Cream and Its Many Uses." Simply fill in your name and address in the Coupon in the Stork Margarine advt. on p. 25.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

THERE are no bones, no waste, no crumbling in Swift's Plate Corned Beef. Try it in salads or in delicious moist sandwiches. See page 25.

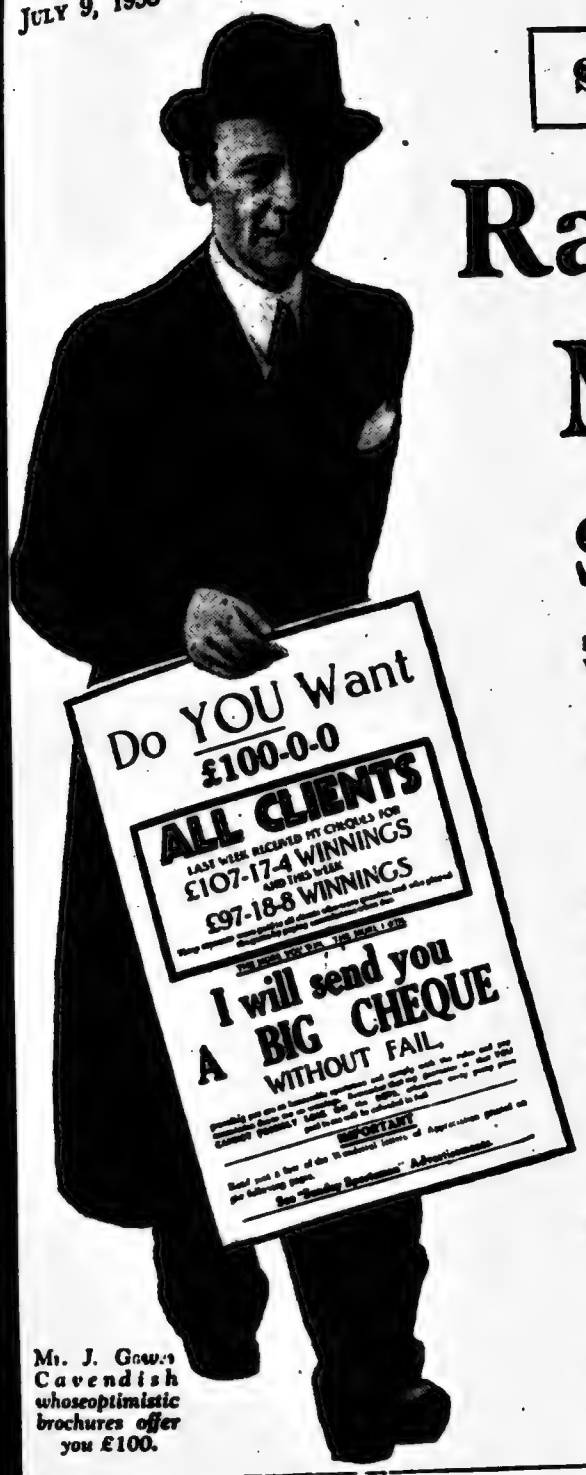
YOU and the kiddies will enjoy Puffed Brand Wheat and its nut-like flavour is delightful. Thousands enjoy it, including Shirley Temple! See page 23.

WHEN you buy Plus Two Cigarettes you get 2 more full-size cigarettes for your 6d., and when you buy the big packet for 11½d. there are 4 extra full-size cigarettes waiting to be lit. They are fat, cool and refreshing. Start smoking Plus Two Cigarettes now and save money. See the Back Cover announcement.

MAKE this health-giving drink yourself at home! Every reader who sends the coupon on page 34 with their name and address, mentioning *John Bull*, to Newball & Mason, Ltd., Nottingham, will receive sufficient Mason's Extract of Herbs and Yeast to make one gal. of Mason's Botanic Beer. Enclose 4d. for postage, etc.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Special Dossier

Racing Impostor's Big Money Ramp



Mr. J. Gower Cavendish whose optimistic brochures offer you £100.

SENDING betting clients £100 cheques seems to be just a pleasant hobby of Mr. J. Gower Cavendish, of Press House, St. Alban's Mews, Paddington, London—according to his literature.

If you are too busy he offers to bet for you with his own money, and guarantees there will be four winning weeks out of six, and that he will win £100 for you in six weeks. If he fails he undertakes to pay £25.

Makes you rub your eyes, doesn't it?

With money rolling in as easily as that, you would be ashamed if you did not accept the stipulation to pay him 25 per cent. of your winnings and £10 for his system when you have won £50.

Didn't Get a Penny

As he so obligingly offers to make all the bets with his money, it would seem a simple transaction for him to deduct what you owe and send the balance at the end of six weeks.

That, apparently, is too simple, because, according to his thirty-one rules, clients receive an account each week of their winnings or losings. Commission due is shown and must be paid week by week.

Payment of £10 for the system must also be made as soon as winnings reach the £50 mark. If there is a loss the first week Mr. Cavendish shoulders it, but afterwards all losses have to be paid weekly, providing a client has had one winning account.

In plain English, this means that however much you win you cannot even expect any money for at least six weeks, whereas you pay commission or losses each week.

One woman reader tells me that she did this and she has not received a penny, though at the end of six weeks her winnings were supposed to be £108. She had paid £75, all the time looking forward to the handsome profit she had been promised.

"Please Send Cash"

Documents she sends me are interesting. On May 13 Mr. Cavendish's cheery letter announced he had begun operations.

Seven days later came the first account—"you win £32 8s.," and the money-spinner's jubilant boast: "It is only a taste of what is to come, and I shall set about winning at least £100 for you without delay." The reminder, "amount (£8 2s.) due to me for commission must reach me by Tuesday," seemed almost a desecration of the buoyant letter.

For four weeks the glad news of wins came along, with a request for the £10 system payment slipped in, and the woman paid the commission each week.

Then, on the fifth week, the first loss. "All in the game; we must not moan," wrote Mr. Cavendish.

Sixth week brought a telegram asking if account was to run on for further six weeks. "Statement to-morrow; good margin," it said.

It came, showing a loss of £23 for that week. No cheque for the "good margin," only a note from Mr. Cavendish asking for remittance to cover the loss—"please send cash, if convenient, to save delay re cheques."

Actually Mr. J. Gower Cavendish's real name is Harold Johnson. He has been concerned in an assortment of unsavoury ventures.

He was managing director of the notorious National Turf Credit Federation. It gained a reputation for not settling with customers, and faded away.

Also, he was concerned with the Hyde Park Press, Ltd., "founders of the Great National Employment Association." Men were promised a salary of at least £4 a week if they parted with a guinea fee, supposed to cover the cost of stationery they were to sell.

More recently he was behind the Daily Express Sports Association, which had nothing to do with the paper of that name, of course. He offered big odds for picking losing horses in races. Many people stated they were not paid.

I strongly advise readers to have nothing to do with him or any project he may sponsor.

Don't Trust this Man

HANOVER STREET, Edinburgh, is a long way from Holborn, London, but not far enough to hide Frederick Robert Fellows from me.

No doubt finding that London was uncomfortable after my last exposure of his betting ramp, he is now sending out letters from his new address in Scotland.

* * *

Group purchases of greyhound track shares is the bait this time. He refers to the Clapham Stadium, Wimbledon, Wembley and West Ham companies as if he just mixed them like a Christmas pudding and pulled out the lucky charms.

"This co-operative basis enables you to take an interest of £1, £5 or multiples of £5, and accounts are sent out with profits realised on the first of each month."

So simple, but in case that is not sufficient he begs people to let him show them "how to turn pence into shillings and shillings into pounds."

* * *

Another golden slogan is: "You cannot lose your capital."

I wonder. Clients of this group betting system lost £600 in a twinkling.

My advice is to have nothing whatever to do with this man.

He changes his address at random, has been convicted at the Old Bailey for obtaining money by false pretences and with conspiracy to defraud, and just recently he was fined £50 at Guildhall (London) for an infringement of the Betting Act.

He should not be trusted with a farthing.

State Steals a Home

MR. CHARLES BATES, of Exeter Street, Plymouth, paid £450 for his house, and then was ordered by the Corporation to spend a further £610 on repairs.

Yet, any day now, the Corporation are going to turn him out—and charge him £50 for pulling the house down!

Just one more instance of the crazy injustice of the Slum Clearance Act.

Everyone wants slums to be cleared, and there is no sympathy for the landlords who have drawn incomes from them for years.

It is a very different matter, though, when a comparatively poor man finds his property whisked away from him without a halfpenny compensation.

Mr. Bates has worked hard all his life in a small ironmongery shop, and when he bought the house in 1923 he intended to use it as a store.

The Corporation insisted that it must be altered to comply with the standard of a dwelling. They carried out the work, and he paid them by instalments over six years with 5 per cent. interest.

In view of this extra cost, he let the house in sections for living purposes.

It was a strain on his resources to pay the instalments, and practically all his savings have gone on the house and the cost of repairs he was compelled to make.

There was a Ministry of Health enquiry, of course, when the council decided to clear the area in which the house is situated, but the plight of a small owner like Mr. Bates never seems to be given a moment's consideration at these enquiries.

* * *

Local councillors, to whom he has appealed, say they can do nothing, and his local M.P. could get no satisfaction when the matter was raised in Parliament.

Everywhere is the stonewall excuse: "It is the Act."

Then it is high time the Act was changed.

Judge Speaks Out

"Their practices are most objectionable."

Another judge's opinion of Automatic Salesmen, Ltd., otherwise H. J. Herbert and E. H. Cole. This time His Honour Judge Crosthwaite, at Oldham County Court, last week.

If a contract was fair and aboveboard, he said, why was it necessary to have three or four signatures? One document would be enough if it was an honest and straightforward transaction. "It smells of corruption."

He added "he could not decide a case on the reputation of the plaintiff company, which he believed to be as bad as the reputation of any company, but he must decide it on the evidence in each particular case."

Here's a New "Card Trick"

A TALL, well-dressed man of the retired Army officer type called at the London show-rooms of a big firm of radio manufacturers the other day and asked to see an expensive set.

Casually he produced the card of their chief travelling salesman. He knew so much about him that the assistant never doubted he was a friend.

His cheque was accepted and he took the elaborate set away with him in his car. The cheque came back. No such account was known to the bank.

"Frank Coote," one of the most plausible crooks known to the police, had made another of his many quick hauls. Tracey and Fraser are two of his aliases.

* * *

Coote frequents good-class hotels where commercial travellers stay, easily slips into conversation with them and uses their names to obtain goods from their firms with his worthless cheques. He met the radio salesman at Bristol.

Other members of the gang to which he belongs acquire goods by similar frauds, and they quickly turn the "purchases" into cash

The police net is being drawn round the whole organisation.

Warm Weather Heart Trouble

Helpful advice DON'T RISK HEAT WAVE COLLAPSE! Prescription that always gives Relief.

Healthy Heart. Hearty, Health.

Does your heart palpitate? Are you tired from morning to night? Sleepless yet needing sleep? Without appetite, yet needing the strength which foods can bring? You must not go on like this? Take "Blue Lion Fox Nut," the modern tonic which pulls you together in a few hours. Frazzled nerves full of vim; gloomy thoughts gone; faith strengthened, hope renewed before nightfall; life worth living to-morrow. It is the Doctor's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—in prevents palpitation, flutterings, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run down condition, stops your falling-to-pieces in warm weather. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take this tonic and be normal in a few days. Ask for "Blue Lion Fox Nuts." Shadforth Prescription No. 632. Prices: 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

The Shadforth booklet on Heart Troubles (No. J.B. 320), post free.

THE WORLD'S BEST HEALTH, HEART AND NERVE TONIC

Below are further examples of "Shadforth" Prescriptions most in use at this season of the year. They are the world's best prescriptions. Mr. Shadforth's reputation as a leading Pharmaceutical Chemist is your guarantee.

LIVER TROUBLES

Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache.

Periodical bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals this pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as **Shadforth Prescription (No. 2,000).** Prices: 6d. (36), 1/3 (100), 3/- (300 pills).

Special booklet on Liver Troubles (No. J.B. 222), post free.

CORNS

Wash the feet well with hot water every night, using **Shadforth Formalin Soap (No. 940**—costs 1/-). Dry the feet and corns well with a rough towel and afterwards rub in a little Corn Salve **(No. 881**—costs 7½d.).

The Shadforth booklet on "Corns" (J.B. 297), post free.

BRIGHT EYES

Lovely Complexions

depend firstly on the blood beneath them, and only secondly on cream and powder. The best remedy for muddy or sallow complexions, acne or blackheads, boils, redness of skin and some forms of eczema, pimples and even carbuncles, is dispensed in dainty tablets as **Shadforth Prescription No. 442 (Skin Tonic Tablets).** They cleanse the blood. Try them for a couple of weeks and note, with satisfaction, the great improvement in your complexion. Don't cover up faults—cleanse them from within.

Prices: 1/- (36), 1/9 (72), 3/3 (144).

The best soap to use while taking the tablets is Shadforth's Anti-Blackhead (Milk of Sulphur) Soap. **Prescription No. 1064.** Price 1/3.

A Beauty Treatment at a Small Cost.

The Shadforth book on Skin and Complexion Troubles (No. J.B. 322) post free.

ECZEMA

For dry, wet, or scaly eczema, an approved remedy is found in **Eczema Ointment (No. 1249).** It is also excellent for Dandruff or Scurf. Prices: 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

Special New Formula for Vesicular Eczema **(No. 7822).** Price 2/6.

Booklet on Eczema Treatment (No. J.B. 272) free on request.

HAY FEVER

COLD IN THE NOSE, CATARRHAL INFECTIONS AND CONGESTIONS

An effective nasal antiseptic of the ephedrine class is now provided in "Shadrinol." It is packed with a pipette for placing drops in the nose and with a spray for applying to the back of the mouth and throat. It quickly relieves Nasal Catarrh, Head Colds, Coryza, Hay Fever, Hoarseness, Laryngitis (occasionally Bronchitis and Asthma) and general catarrhal congestions of the mucous membranes of nose and throat.

Complete with directions. Price 1/3 (including pipette), and 2/6 (including pipette and atomizer). **Prescription No. 1445XL.**

The Shadforth Booklet (No. J.B. 345) on this subject is supplied post free.

"Shadforth" famous Prescriptions may also be obtained from Boots, Timothy White's and Taylor's, and your Local or Leading Chemist, who will either hold stocks or will gladly obtain on request.

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

Without INDIGESTION, ACIDITY, GASTRITIS

Thanks to 'WHITE LIONS'

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the Shadforth Acidity Prescription (No. 1077), Popularly known as "White Lions." They give prompt relief and comfort. Even Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers yield to this treatment. This is the famous "White" prescription used by hospitals everywhere for stomach trouble. Ask for "White Lions," Shadforth Prescription No. 1077.

Prices: 6d. (24), 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 Lions).

Mr. Shadforth's book (No. J.B. 314) on Treating of Digestive Troubles will be sent post free.

Make your mealtimes happier! A trial will convince you that "White Lions" are

POSITIVELY the World's Greatest Remedy for Acid Indigestion

STOP KIDNEY TROUBLE

Why Those Disturbed Nights?

It must not go on. Bladder troubles can be relieved. Quickly. Surely. And during the day—whilst you are employed—this soothing work will proceed. Until you have tried **"Shadforters"** you may be enduring endless suffering and misery—mental as well as physical. **"Shadforters"** will help you. And there is not an ingredient in them that can do you the slightest harm. Cooling, cleansing, healing **"Shadforters"**—for many years known as Shadforth Brand Bladder Comforters. **Prescription No. 285**—have been the successful remedy for Cystitis, Prostatitis, Gravel, Gall Stones, Scalding and associated Liver, Kidney, Uric Acid and Bladder troubles. Try them to-night. Ask for **"Shadforters."** Prices 1/4 (25), 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300).

The Special Shadforth Booklet on Kidney and Bladder Troubles (No. J.B. 326) post free.

HEADACHE, NEURITIS

PAINFUL NERVE-SHEATH INFLAMMATION.

All nerve pains, including those of Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatica, Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by **"Shadspro Compound,"** the new pain-killer **(No. 263).** This formula is non-purgative and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature and kills bacteria. Prices: 6d. (10), 1/3 (25), 2/- (50), 3/6 (100 tablets).

Shadforth booklet (J.B. 260), post free.

OBESITY

is Successfully treated with SHADFORTH DOUBLE-DUPLEX or FOUR-FOLD TREATMENT FOR OBESITY (No. 575/DD).

This is not one of those extravagant treatments where the cost is never ending, and the result disappointing—it is a **safe home remedy that will bring your figure down to that slim line of which you used to be so proud.** It simply costs a few shillings, but nevertheless is the most successful and scientific treatment for Obesity ever recommended. Prices 7/9 and 14/6. Ask for the **Shadforth Obesity Treatment No. 575/DD.**

Special Booklet on Obesity (J.B. 255) free on request.

These prescriptions are obtainable privately packed and post free at these prices (abroad extra) from

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE LTD

DISPENSING CHEMISTS, PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS

Dept. J.B. 118, 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4

Becontree Heath: 1148, Green Lane Bow, E.3: 83, Grove Road. Chadwell Heath: 216, High Road. East Ham, E.6: Opp. Town Hall. Gidea Park: 2, Heath Park Parade Horncburch: 4, Highlands Parade Romford: 44, London Road Walthamstow:, E.17: 102, High St. West Ham, E.15: 1a, Durban Rd.

HÆMORRHOIDS

QUICK RELIEF AND COMFORT

This Tonic Laxative prescription quickly relieves and soothes Piles, Constipation, Sluggish Liver, and Atonic Dyspepsia. It ensures regular bowel movements, improves nerves and increases energy. Why endure the misery of Hæmorrhoids any longer? **Ask for Shadforth Pile Pills (Mel 394).** Prices 6d. (12), 1/6 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

Descriptive Booklet (No. J.B. 325), post free.

ALOPECIA

(HAIR FALLING OUT IN PATCHES).

Here is a Cream which makes hair grow on bald spots (alopecia) if promptly applied. It is an unfailing remedy in Scurf, Scaly Eczema, and Ringworm, and most cases of Psoriasis. Ask for Alopecia Prescription No. 850. In jars at 1s. 9d. and 4s. The best soap to use in cases of Psoriasis, Hair Trouble, Scurf, and similar skin troubles is Shadforth Birch Tar Soap (No. 930), costs 1s. per tablet. The best internal medicine is Potassium. Take this in the form of Vi-Salts (the new Potassium Table-salt) with each meal.

Price 6d. and 1/3. Prescription No. 1250.

It nourishes the hair and prevents it going grey.

Consult "Health News" (No. J.B. 239) for the treatment of Hair Troubles. Post free.

HEALTHY BLOOD

100 P.C. PURITY. 100 P.C. VITALITY.

Here is the Shadforth known, admitted and approved remedy for blood troubles. It eliminates rheumatic tendencies and soothes painful parts. It heals ulcers, sores, boils, eczema, and skin disfigurements. It renews the blood, and blood is life. Ask for **Shadforth Blood Purifying Tablets (No. 1282).** Prices: 2/6, 4/6 and 12/-.

SKIN TROUBLE

(1) **Antiseptic (No. 1449),** in tablet form to make bath. Price 1/-, 1/6 and 2/3.

(2) **Psoriasis Ointment (No. 850).** A stimulating antiseptic. Price 1/9 and 4/-.

(3) Wash regularly until better with **Birch Tar Soap (No. 930).** Price 1/-.

(4) Take Potassium internally for a few weeks in the form of **"Vi-Salts"** (the new potassium table salt). **Prescription No. 1250.** Price 6d. and 1/3.

Special Booklet on Psoriasis (J.B. 227) post free.

NEVERILL

OLD SALTS

(PRESCRIPTION 565K).

A SPOONFUL A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY

The best morning Saline for Biliousness, Constipation, Disordered Stomach, Sluggish Liver, Bladder and Kidney Troubles, Gout, Rheumatism, Feverishness, Obesity, etc. Drink it first thing every morning. Tasteless with your tea. **For Sparkling Eyes, Clear Complexion, Tip-Top Fitness and Joie de Vivre.** Prices, in airtight canisters, 2d., 6d. and 1/-.

Special Dossier (Continued)

New Gang Terror Breaks Out

AN Al Capone of the London underworld is reviving gang terror throughout the country.

Fiendishly cunning, he keeps in the background and directs his bullies through an intricate network which protects him at every turn.

Scotland Yard knows that he is the hidden hand behind the increase in extortion from bookmakers, owners of night clubs and gaming haunts.

So far, it has been impossible to secure sufficient evidence to arrest him.

His gangs have been mixed up in at least two unsolved murders in recent years, but everyone who could furnish proof is too terrified to speak.

George Thomas Donovan, known as "Donovan of Dartmoor," is still in that desolate prison serving a life sentence for being involved in a murder which happened after a racecourse gang fight.

Meanwhile, the man who controls a large part of the sordid organisation travels to London each day from his seaside home in an expensive car.

He is middle-aged, carefully avoids anything ostentatious in his dress, and in the ordinary way would never be suspected.

Those from whom money is demanded, large sums in many cases, know that if they refuse to pay, their premises will be wrecked or they will, particularly in the case of bookmakers, suffer personal violence.

Recently the proprietor of a club in the West End of London refused to pay.

Next night the place was turned into a shambles. Naturally, the police are unwelcome in these dens, so the club owner hushed it all up and paid.

During the last few months similar "punishment" has been inflicted extensively in the King's Cross, Euston, Paddington and Soho districts of London.

The overall revenue reaches a big total every week.

Not all the gangsters escape, of course, but Scotland Yard knows that when members of some gangs are caught redhanded, it is only like killing one fly on a hot day.

Peter Bannon, aged sixty, and one of the toughest of these thugs, was pounced on as he threatened bookmakers at the last Ascot meeting. He will be safe in jail for the next two years, but the detectives who arrested him know that he was only a paid bully in the big organisation.

Some of the cleverest detectives in the country have now been specially detailed to bring the real promoters of this terror blackmail to justice.

Massimo Monte-Colombe lost his life in a racegang razor attack

8-Day Airman

AFTER being sent up for his first solo flight on the eighth day of his training, John Francis Huxtable, a London youth, was told by the Air Ministry that, as he was unlikely to become an efficient pilot, his service must end.

If this was the reason—and no other has been given—the public will be amazed that young men answering urgent appeals to join the Air Force are liable to be scrapped after what seems to be such an utterly inadequate trial.

Except for a short elementary course, which candidates are required to take at their own expense after approval by the Selection Committee, Huxtable had practically no knowledge of engines when he joined for training.

Yet eight days later he was sent into the air alone in charge of an aeroplane.

That in itself seems an extraordinarily risky action. It is still more astonishing that a keen pupil's hopes should be dashed after only three further solo flights in quick succession, two the following day and one a week later.

* * *

For young Huxtable it was all over in three weeks.

He had given up a good job as a commercial traveller, and put his whole future at the service of his country. He went filled with zeal, anxious to make good. Instead of taking Easter leave, he stayed at the school to study.

Imagine the effect on such a youth when, barely given time to turn round, he is confronted with the bewildering intimation that his flying training was suspended because he was shown in the "below average" category.

His log-book contains certified records of his brief training. Apparently he made rapid and satisfactory progress in all subjects up to actual flying. There the tests seem to have been insufficient, to say the least.

* * *

Fortunately, his firm has taken him back, but his connection has suffered and he has to start all over again.

Other young men, if they are treated in this way, would probably not be able to get their jobs back.

The whole matter certainly needs the urgent attention of the new Air Minister, Sir Kingsley Wood.

Public Benefactor

FOR noting and sending me a useful report of an interesting sidelight on a case in which two men I have shown up were concerned, Mr. John Danton, of Hall Street, Preston, receives the £1 1s. award this week.

All readers can help me in the same way.

Town of Secrets

EASTBOURNE has another ugly secret. Within a week of our recent revelation of disquieting rumours, which followed a private enquiry into the affairs of one of the municipal departments, another mysterious investigation has been held behind locked doors.

It concerns a different department and has set loose a fresh train of rumour.

The first secret enquiry, as JOHN BULL was able to state, concerned the town's contracts for Air-Raids Precautions equipment.

At the second enquiry, held the other day, evidence was given by an official of the Bus Committee.

Nine members of the Town Council were present and the proceedings were conducted by Mr. R. A. Gordon, K.C., Recorder of Margate.

People of Eastbourne are determined that they will not be kept in the dark, and that all this mystery shall be swept away

Way to 'Wealth'

EVEN "Affluence System" seems a shy description for a speculation scheme whereby a modest capital will easily earn a clear £5,000 a year.

Anyway, George Walters, of Rivoli Lodge, Hampton, Middlesex, who makes this wonderful offer, does become more ecstatic about it in the summer edition of his booklet.

"Affluence! . . . Let me repeat the word," he says, "for is there not magic in it? Who is there reading these lines who does not sigh for it, dream of it, long for it, work for it—aye, and speculate for it—and why not?"

Yes, and if it is such a sure way of earning £5,000 a year, why give it away to other people?

* * *

George Walters spins meshes of high-flown words round the explanation, but in plain language it is simply the old game of deluding people into doing his betting for him at their risk.

If he ropes in sufficient "clients" he can, if he wishes, back every horse in a race because those who accept his system have to stake side bets for him with their own money.

Henry Theodore Green, of Star Road, Fulham (London), most persistent "sob" letter writer I ever remember, has just been sent to three months' well-deserved imprisonment by the West London magistrate.

My department has received numerous complaints about him, and he was first exposed in JOHN BULL as long ago as 1926.

He watched the death notices and wrote to bereaved relatives claiming acquaintance. Always ended with a snivelling request for a loan, of course.

You Have Been Warned

MEN posing as Home Office inspectors are offering to place householders' names on a priority list for gas-masks on payment of 5s.

One has been very active in the Marylebone (London) district, and the police are on his track.

Be on your guard against these air-raid precautions swindles. They are still going on all over the country.

Charity Cheat Takes New Name

"T. HUMANITARIAN" is the new name assumed by Gordon Waite, master of the charity collecting art, against whose collectors I warned readers recently.

In this name he is advertising for more collectors from his address at Hangleton Estate, Hove. They will ask for your money for the Humanitarian Society.

Turn them away.

Beware of These "Bargains"

BOGUS auctioneers who pretend to have acquired bargains in bankruptcies are again busy in marketplaces throughout the country.

They offer parcels of linen and hose and other goods which prove to be just rubbish and nothing like the samples flourished before the buyers.

It is an old trick, but it is astonishing how foolish people are still deluded.

Recently hundreds of housewives in a small town near Plymouth were swindled.

The Amazing Mr. Willoughby

I FIND that Richard Gerald Willoughby, frequently exposed in JOHN BULL, is again busy at the British Institute of Endocrinology, Gloucester Place, London, N.W.1.

Grand name for what is described as a "scientific glandular treatment" for obesity.

Best remembered as the man who posed as Major Willoughby and hoaxed the Army, he has an amazing record of deceit and fraud. Masqueraded as a doctor under different names, a clergyman, a surgeon-commander, and lieut.-colonel. Been in jail four times over here and once in Canada.

Keep away from him and his institute.

Stopping the Stamp Ramp

CONFIRMATION of my condemnation of stamp-dealing courses ("Earn while you learn") is contained in the *Philatelic Trader*.

Glad to see that the Editor of this journal started a vigorous campaign against the ramp some weeks ago. It is generally just a trick to sell worthless stamps to inexperienced people.

I particularly warn readers to ignore the alluring advertisements of G. E. Wainwright, of Evington Road, Leicester.

She Saved Her Money

Own your own business: We arrange buying it for you; repay by easy instalments.—Morton, 25, Clapham Road, London, S.W.9.

A WORKSOP reader sends a cutting of this advertisement to me with grateful thanks for saving her £7. When she applied she was told the "investigation fee" would be £5 and £2 for travelling expenses. Then she remembered my exposure of this fee-snatching concern.

Her letter is typical of many I receive. If you are in doubt about anything, write to me. I am only too glad to help you.

Cadburys give you MORE for your money!

FIRST

CADBURYS REDUCE PRICES

NOW

CADBURYS INCREASE WEIGHTS

MILK FRUIT & NUT
PLAIN FRUIT & NUT

NOW **2oz 2D**

QUALITY GUARANTEED UNCHANGED

Cadburys give you more *and more* for your money! Last month they brought prices down—now they give you *more chocolate* for the money. Dash off *now* and treat yourself to a 2d. block of Fruit & Nut—Milk or Plain. Thanks to Cadburys, you'll get very bit of TWO FULL OUNCES of delicious nourishment for your 2d. Do it *now*!

Into every half-pound block of Cadburys Milk Fruit & Nut Chocolate go—about 150 Grapes, 15 to 20 Almonds and half a pint of rich full-cream milk.

Dash off and get some CADBURYS NOW!

The demand for CAPSTAN increases daily

W.D.& H.O. Wills.

'BETTER BUY
CAPSTAN
they're blended better

PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED

10 FOR 6D
20 FOR 11½D

MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE SMOKING
CAPSTAN CIGARETTES

W.D. & H.O. Wills Brands of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland) Ltd. C.C.6151.

Every week people are being crushed and broken beneath the ponderous wheels of the official machine.

"John Bull" is pledged to fight such injustice and inhumanity.

So every week we will tell the story of a man and woman who have been sacrificed to this Juggernaut—a man and woman whose plight is the plight of thousands.

BRITAIN HAS SERFS IN 1938

MAN of the WEEK

ON a country roadside in Cambridgeshire a man, his wife and four children, stood beside a small pile of possessions.

The woman was crying.

She, her man, and their family had been cast out of their Land of Promise, cast out after twenty months of toil and sweat.

They were waiting for a cart to take them and their goods to the railway station so that they might return to their former hometown in Shildon, County Durham, two hundred miles away.

When they got there, they knew, they would have no home. Unless they found one in the workhouse.

The man is Herbert Bendelow, miner, workless for ten years.

His story lays bare the tragic bungling of the Government's £2,500,000 scheme for settling families from the distressed areas on the land.

That scheme has cost nearly £2,000 for each family—a figure that screams for explanation. But even more urgent of investigation is the plight of Bendelow and great numbers like him.

Offered a New Life

One day, twenty months ago, he was summoned to the unemployment exchange and asked to take advantage of the great land settlement scheme. He was only one of a vast number who at that time, and since, received the same offer.

He was told that in fifteen counties, from Cumberland to Sussex, the Government was laying out 25 estates of smallholdings on 12,500 acres to give unemployed men a new chance of a healthy, happy, prosperous livelihood.

He would be given a cottage homestead, ten acres of land, 300 head of poultry, 30 store pigs, three breeding sows, and a heated glasshouse for tomato growing.

This was equivalent to a loan of about £500.

But he would not become an actual smallholder, it was explained, until after fourteen months.

During that time he and his family would have to depend on the Means Test allowance.

The profit he was assured he would make in that period from the sale of stock and produce would be applied to reduction of the debt. How Bendelow and his fellows in despair jumped at this opportunity to win back independence!

They accepted the statement at face value. They saw their lives and the lives of their wives and children about to be changed as if by a miracle.

Bendelow was sent from Durham with the first party of pioneers to Abington, Cambridgeshire.

There were no smallholdings to be seen when they arrived—only a waste of empty land.

Worked 15 hours a day

Two things were then made known to them. One was that their contracts were really with a Government-backed trading body called the Land Settlement Association, Ltd., which is registered as a friendly society, and the other that, for six months, they would have to live in hutments and drain the land.

During that time their families in the distressed areas would be maintained by public assistance.

Willingly, they undertook the spell of navvying, and in due course the cottages were built, the ten acres marked off, and the land studded with piggeries and poultry sheds. Then came the day when their families arrived, and they were able to begin husbandry.

It was hard work. Seven days a week, fifteen hours a day. They did not mind. They were, they believed, on the road to independence.

Remember, they still had to exist on the Means Test allowance. There was not much left for food when 7s. 6d. a week was deducted for cottage rent and bicycle money of 1s. a week for their children to attend distant schools.

Away from cheap markets, they found that the cost of living in the country was prohibitive on Means Test standards.

Although they were producing pigs, poultry, eggs, wheat and potatoes to be sold at a profit, they could not get enough food for themselves.

For everything that the settlers produce is taken from them and sold through a central agency.

When stock is bought for them they are debited with top prices. On the other hand, their poultry and pigs often go to market without even a reserve price on them.

Bendelow and his comrades found that, far from becoming self-supporting, they were being saddled with heavier and heavier debts. Their children were crying for food, and appeals for something better than a Means Test allowance were ignored.

"We are little more than serfs in concentration camps," they said.

So they went on strike, and threatened to walk out of their holdings.

Broken Promises

They were pacified by promises, promises which were never fulfilled. Later they were told that the Land Settlement Association did not intend to alter its conditions one whit.

Those who refused to tolerate such conditions—and Bendelow was one—were given notice to quit this week—the very week when, after months of privation, they were to have become independent smallholders.

While under notice, Bendelow took a bowl of tomatoes which he had grown in the glasshouse alongside his cottage. This, said the authorities, was theft. They called in the police, but they have not dared to prosecute, for they saw that the whole pitiable story of the land settlement scheme would be made known.

It was easier to send Bendelow and his family back to the black region from which they came, back without prospect of a home.

Other families will be following the Bendelows, just as they followed them to a Land of Promise that proved to be a mirage.

Five of the eight Kempster children. Except at meal-times and bedtime, they can only enter their one-room home two at a time

10 People=1 Room

WOMAN of the WEEK

MRS. KEMPSTER, of Fen Street, West Ham, London, E., will have her name mentioned in Parliament in the next few days.

She regards the distinction as a dubious one—but she has certainly earned it.

In all Britain no mother can ever have been treated so harshly.

Members of Parliament have for a week past been driving up to her home in Tidal Basin, inspecting it and then leaving with grave faces.

The information they have got about the house is to be used as ammunition in an onslaught on the Ministry of Health—an onslaught to shatter the Ministry's assumption that it is providing enough houses for working people, and that the overcrowding evil is being wiped out.

* * *

There are ten people in the Kempster household—man and wife and eight children under fifteen years of age. The father is a labourer.

They live in one room twelve feet square. From one wall to the other is two and a half strides.

But you cannot cross the room in a straight line. To get from the door to the window opposite, direction has to be changed five times.

From ceiling to floor are four scaffolding poles holding up the small, crazy room.

The ten people who eat, sleep and wash in that room have to be careful that they do not touch one of the poles, between which are their beds. The slightest impact would bring down the roof.

At least, what remains of the roof. It is a few jagged bits of wood and stone with a canvas canopy under a gaping hole.

When a meal is being cooked the whole family has to be sent into the street. It was as well they went there while Mrs. Kempster was preparing Sunday dinner recently.

She was setting the table when the real roof collapsed. Council workmen came and shovelled out the debris, slung a tarpaulin to replace the ceiling and erected the scaffolding criss-cross about the room.

The authorities are content that ten people should continue to exist there. They will not provide any other accommodation, and go on demanding rates for the hovel.

Mrs. Kempster and her husband went to live in this single room when they married seventeen years ago. Newly wedded people, they were told, could not be given houses, but their application would be considered when they had babies.

One child came and then another. Mrs. Kempster was informed, when she next went to the council offices, that larger families must be given the preference.

So she provided more babies. Then the authorities said she had too many for the type of property being built under the housing schemes.

Nearly every week she writes an application for a better home. All she gets in reply is a printed postcard expressing regret that no accommodation can be offered.

She has so many of these postcards that they now stand in four decks along the length of the mantelpiece.

* * *

One day Mrs. Kempster went to Whitehall and entered the Ministry of Health. She asked why she and her family were treated in this way when there was so much talk in Parliament about the great progress made in rehousing.

Officials could give her no better advice than to keep on writing applications—and adding to her collection of printed postcards.

TWO ACTORS—They're all you see on the Screen,

Martyrs of the FILM CRASH

WHEN M.P.s "break-up" for their summer holidays at the end of this month, they will leave five important Bills on the shelf.

These delays happen too often. For every postponement of a national reform means hardship to some section of the community.

This article shows what misery was caused in thousands of homes by the many delays in the Film Quota Act. It is by a scenario writer who was one of the sufferers. Last week, as he says, the British film industry began to climb out of the pit of depression.

But it will be a long time before those homes, wrecked during the past black year, find happiness again.

SO the British film industry is struggling to its feet again.

As its first big film it might do worse than portray the drama of its own collapse in 1937.

What a story that would be!

Careers wrecked, families reduced to poverty, tears, hopelessness, and deaths from despair.

All made the more poignant because it could so easily have been prevented.

The public generally knows nothing of all this. If we film workers had been miners, or engineers, or shipyard workers, our plight would have been made known long ago.

BUT we haven't much standing, in our industry it is the "glamour" boys and girls who get the limelight.

And yet we have to do most of the work—hard, exacting work under conditions no less uncomfortable than those of a miner.

Picture to yourself the effect of working for ten hours on end in a Turkish bath. Not a pleasant thought, is it?

But working in a film studio is much the same. Grilling heat from hundreds of lamps, very little ventilation, and long periods of doing the same thing over and over again.

That is what picture-making is like. Nothing very romantic about it, and for the average technician not much money either.

Usually he is employed from production to production.

He relies for his living on a regular output of pictures, and if that output is curtailed, as it was in the spring of 1937, he is thrown out of work.

Ten years ago the Government decided to effect a measure of protection for the film worker by passing a Bill compelling the cinema proprietor to exhibit a percentage of British films.

This percentage varied from time to time. In 1937 it was 20 per cent., a figure that British producers had found suitable. So work was steady and plentiful.

In that case one would have thought the industry could well have been left alone. But no. In the spring of '37 the Government announced that they were going to revise the Bill, and it was freely rumoured that the percentage would be lowered.

Film production is a sensitive plant. The chill breath of unpleasant rumours has a most unfortunate effect on it.

SUDDENLY we found that a Slump had come upon us. Studios closed, hundreds lost their jobs, but were buoyed up by the promise that as soon as the Government settled the Bill they would all be back at work.

Months dragged by—workless months—until, in October, the revised Bill came up for its first reading. It proposed to lower the percentage of British pictures!

A dreadful blow to the industry. More studios closed, hundreds more out of work.

Representations were made to Whitehall for a speedy passing of the Bill into law, so that at least *some* of the men could be got back to work. But the Bill was shelved, apparently indefinitely.

The winter set in—the blackest winter the film world had ever known. Elstree, once a scene of flourishing activity, was now a place of closed, silent buildings, and hopeless-eyed men walking aimlessly about the street.

Let me take you into the home of one of these men. There were, and still are, hundreds like it.

He is a young man. Twelve months before he had been an assistant cameraman at a busy studio. He had worked hard, long hours, and there was not very much to show for it in the way of money.

But he was interested in his job, and he had married a nice girl whose decency and honesty matched his own.

They took a small flat near to his work. They weren't asking much of life; just a little comfort and as much security as they could reasonably expect.

THEY were happy. More so when there was a baby. Three could live fairly adequately on his salary, but there was nothing left over to put away for a rainy day.

One day the young cameraman came back from the studio with the last salary he was destined to draw for a long time to come.

The happiness in that little flat was suddenly blotted out. The young man had worked in films since leaving school and there wasn't anything else he could do. The offices of the film companies are in Wardour Street, twelve miles from Elstree, where he lived.

There was no money in that family for fares, and every morning he had to walk those twelve miles in the forlorn search for work. Everywhere he went he got the same answer: "No production until the Bill is passed."

No production meant no work. And so he had to walk home again, without food, or an overcoat when it rained.

Most of the food that found its way into that flat went to the baby. There was £1 a week unemployment relief and out of it fifteen shillings were required for rent.

Economy experts would say he should have been able to manage. Let them try for themselves.

Eventually his wife got a job at 25s. a week, out of which 10s. had to go in fares.

The father had to look after the baby all day, which meant that he couldn't look for work for himself.

Fortunately, however, he had a telephone and could keep in touch with possible sources. But soon they came to cut it off—even the extra 15s. couldn't quite stretch to telephone rental.

The baby fell ill: the mother had to give up her job to nurse him. Christmas came, and still the Bill was not settled.

The baby died.

It had been impossible to find money for those things the doctor had ordered.

I have no wish to harrow you with a recital of the scenes of remorse and anguish that were enacted in that once-happy little flat.

It is sufficient to record that the lives of that young man and his wife have been wrecked, and that nothing the future may bring forth will ever repay them for what they have lost.

His is by no means the most tragic case of the film workers' calamity. Every day one heard stories of the most heartrending privation.

One family I know of had been compelled to live on bread and onions, the father not being entitled to relief.

Indeed, they owed the existence of a roof over their heads solely to the generosity of their landlord. They had a few sticks of furniture left, but the gas and electricity had been cut off.

Fo[illegible] of them—there were two young children—had to go to bed at sundown because there was no light or warmth in that cold house. Besides, the awful pangs of hunger can

...n, but behind them are scores of unseen workers . . .

BY LESTER POWELL

be forgotten for a while in sleep—that is if fear of the future will let you sleep.

When the morning came the children, after a breakfast of bread and raw onions, had to go off to school to be taught to grow up into decent, useful citizens.

Surely it must have sometimes occurred to those little children that there is little point in growing up at all, if bread, onions and bed at sundown were all life had to offer.

No toys, nothing to laugh about—and a child without laughter is a pitiful thing indeed.

And to-day they are screaming aloud to High Heaven that the decline in the birth-rate must be stopped!

It wouldn't have been so bad if the Government had hurried the Film Bill through. Then the future could have been faced, one way or the other.

IT was the uncertainty that was so agonising. I witnessed some of the tragedies caused by it.

I am, you understand, one of the lucky ones. I am young, and had just started out on my career.

That was all that I had to stand by and see crushed by the wheels—my career. I had no wife, no child, no rent to pay.

My parents are not well off, but with some sacrifice and short commons I have been fed and clothed through all this business.

I am lucky. Still, the tragedy of it all has touched me. Perhaps, being young, I am not yet hardened to see human misery and suffering without wanting to fight.

I was a scenario writer. It was my job to concoct the stories from which they make the films.

There isn't much credit to a job like that, although you might think, having given the film its original idea, you'd get a bit of kudos.

BUT the "glamour" boys and girls get all that. However, I am one of the lucky ones, you see, and mustn't grumble.

We writers were the last to lose our jobs. The producers hung on to us because when things brightened up—which they never did—we should be immediately called upon to furnish them with stories so they could get the wheels turning again.

In the meanwhile we had to stand around and wait for something to happen, our pay envelopes getting thinner as the weeks went by.

We were witnesses of our fellows losing their jobs. They didn't all go at once—the bosses never knew when the Bill would be passed and a staff would be needed.

No, they went in dribs and drabs: a dozen this week, two dozen next week, and all the time we writers wondered when it would be our turn.

This had a bad effect on our nerves. One of us had spent a long and useful lifetime as a writer. He had made the name of more than one well-known star with his work—work which had given enjoyment to millions.

But, being a true artist, he was over-sensitive. The awful uncertainty, the tragedy of those with whom he had once worked, upset the balance of his reason. One day he hanged himself.

Shortly afterwards another of our dwindling band found the strain too much and gassed himself.

We started wondering when the next one would go and who it would be. We longed for the place to be shut down altogether, so that we could be out on the street looking for work.

We hadn't much longer to wait. Already conditions in Elstree were so terrible that soup kitchens had been started. The national Press had taken up our case. Surely Whitehall would move now?

In the Spring of this year, Whitehall did move. Nine months after the Slump had first overtaken us, the revised Films Bill was brought up for its final reading in the House of Commons.

Thousands of us flocked to Westminster to learn what they proposed to do with us. We had our first shock when it became known that the Government proposed to reduce our quota.

That would mean fewer films and less work for us. The Association of Cine Technicians (the workers' union), and the Producers' Group of the Federation of British Industries (who represented the employers) had together petitioned the Government to leave the Quota in *status quo*, pointing out that if the proposed reduction were effected the entire industry would collapse.

This, you will observe, was the expression of the united front of our industry.

We went into the Gallery, feeling that the Government could hardly proceed with their reduction in the face of such opposition.

Along the Government benches there was an unmistakable air of boredom when the Films Bill was mentioned. We, in the Gallery, watched with set faces and straining ears. We didn't want to miss a word—and there were many words spoken.

FEW were constructive, none sympathetic, and some downright fatuous.

One M.P., speaking on the subject of "short" films, said: "Being a Member of Parliament I do not get much time for relaxation, and when I go home at night I like to sit by the fire and read a book.

"Occasionally, however, I have to take my wife to the cinema. I do not like films, and think it would be a good idea if they were made shorter, so that I could get home earlier."

Now, we in the Gallery quite appreciated the honourable Member's nicety of feeling about the cinema. But we thought it a little unreasonable to express his opinion, particularly as it was of such vital importance to more than 8,000 people, who lately had not been having very many of life's goods—such as sitting beside a fire, for instance.

We had plenty of cause to marvel at the almost complete lack of even the rudiments of our business.

Speakers who urged the passing of the Bill had so obviously not even bothered to provide themselves with any facts at all.

One said: "I myself have known people who were quite sane enter the film industry, and within three months to be as crazy as the rest."

The benches rocked at this peerless witticism, although a casual observer might have said it was merely an expression of bad taste.

EVENTUALLY the Government got its Bill home, but there was one last hope. If the Lords were to throw it out?

To this end the A.C.T. and the Producers' Group had addressed a last appeal to their lordships.

This was read out to the House, and it got a big laugh.

Why? I don't know, unless the idea of 8,000 people making a last desperate bid to get work tickled the Parliamentary funny-bone. I shouldn't be surprised.

Well, that was the end. The Lords did throw out the Bill, but the Commons finally had their way.

There is still starvation in Elstree, and will be for many a long day to come.

We film workers have put up with our troubles without complaint. We realise that there are others whose needs have to be attended to as well, and we have kept silent on that account.

But are we expected to go on indefinitely? There is a very small premium on self-sacrifice and heroism in these days.

We only hope that you who have read this account of our hardships will sympathise with our plight. It will be nice to know that there are some who think kindly towards us.

Just a human beast of burden — This coolie and his family, like 300,000,000 of their kind, are living on 1s. 6d. a week.

The roar of the Yellow River in flood has silenced the guns of China and Japan. Time to take stock. This article, one of the most vivid ever written, unfolds before you the amazing panorama of the Orient.

CHINESE POZZLE— and JAPANESE JIGSAW

By Hessell Tiltman

(British Newspaper Correspondent and Author of "The Far East Comes Nearer," "The Uncensored Far East," etc., who lives in the Orient)

FOUR HUNDRED MILLIONS of people. Three hundred millions of them living on an income equivalent to 1s. 6d. a week *per family*.

Most of them Buddhists and all of them ruled by a Christian dictator whose American-educated wife, Madame Chiang-Kai-shek, is a national beauty.

Three million babies dying needlessly every year through lack of doctors, good-looking daughters sold in thousands at from 5s. to 10s. apiece in "good times"—and fetching less than 2s. 6d. each when a trade depression comes along.

Eight million tons of opium grown openly every year, while in the same country men are executed in public for selling the stuff.

An army that carries both gas-masks and umbrellas, and fights for a "wage" of two meals of rice a day. That's China.

Now look at Japan.

A Divine Emperor, whom ninety millions of Yamato race believe to be directly descended from Amaterasu, the Sun Goddess.

Those ninety millions, toughened and taught from the cradle to work feverishly all their lives for the greater glory of *Dai Nippon* (Greater Japan) on a wage of 2s. a day if they are workers, and 30s. a week if they toil in offices.

An Empire that is growing faster than any empire ever grew before in the world's history (Emperor Hirohito ruled 90,000,000 of people in 1925, to-day he is supreme ruler over more than 300,000,000 in the Japanese Islands, Formosa, Korea, Manchukuo and China).

SOLDIERS who believe death an honour. A nation that bans foxtrotting as a sin, but tolerates more than four hundred licensed quarters containing over 50,000 "one night wives."

Millions of words have been written about the "glamorous Orient," and still the most amazing facts concerning life as it is lived within those three thousand miles which separate Singapore, on the doorstep of the Far East, from Vladivostok, northern boundary of the yellow lands, remain untold.

I have seen a Chinese gunman shoot a man dead in a busy Shanghai street to steal his bicycle!

I have watched opium pedlars being executed in public outside the walls of Pekin, while less than 300 miles away, in China's north-west provinces, the earth was white with opium poppies—main crop of thousands of Chinese farmers—and the drug was selling at the highest price reached for forty years.

I have gone bandit-hunting in Manchuria with a detachment of the Japanese-trained Manchukuoan army which advanced to the attack behind a "screen" of naked women.

Not because either Japanese or Manchukuoan troops are cowards, but because the bandits we were tracking down belonged to the Huang Sha Huei, religious fanatics who believe that they bear charmed lives, immune from death by bullets or swords, so long as they do not catch sight of a naked woman.

Faced with that advancing horde of undressed geisha, the bandits decided it was all up, and surrendered.

The most amazing thing happening in the whole amazing Orient to-day, however, is not the vanquishing of hard-boiled Manchurian "bandits" by little four-foot-two yellow ladies charging the enemy in their birthday suits, nor the more serious Sino-Japanese war now devastating whole areas of China, but the iniquitous traffic in illegal drugs, which claims millions of victims every year.

Seventy-five tons of morphine alone was manufactured last year by the all-powerful dope rings whose headquarters are situated within the Japanese Concession at Tientsin, and smuggled to all parts of the Far East, to the United States, and to Europe.

NORTH CHINA has a population of around one hundred millions, and it has been estimated by expert observers that half are dope addicts.

By offering "free shots" to new customers, and selling patent medicines containing dope and calculated to form the habit, the dope pedlars constantly recruit new customers to replace those who become paupers, lunatics or corpses.

For the lot of those who get the heroin or morphine habit is a short life, and not exactly a merry one.

In the dope dens—there are more than four hundred in Tientsin's "heroin belt" alone and thousands more scattered throughout North China—I have bought heroin-filled cigarettes at 2s. for a packet of ten; "Yellow Powder," a stronger variety of the same drug, at 3s. 6d. a packet; "Red Pills" (made of opium) at 8d. for six; good quality opium at 2s. 6d. an ounce, and sufficient morphine or cocaine to kill an elephant for 10s.

The stuff is so cheap, thanks to up-to-date mass production methods, that the poorest Chinese coolie can afford to commit suicide that way if he is so inclined.

YET the Asiastic merchants of death who for years have been poisoning whole populations from their safe refuge within Japanese-controlled territory, where General Chiang-Kai-shek's government cannot interfere, net profits amounting to millions of dollars a year.

Nowhere is mass murder so profitable as in North China. If a customer becomes ill or dies in a Tientsin dope-joint, all that is necessary is to have the unwanted carcase dumped into the nearby Haiho River, to avoid any awkward questions.

During one month of last year more than one hundred bodies of male Chinese were fished out of the Haiho. When the score reached the hundred mark I asked a high Chinese police official where all the bodies were coming from.

"I don't really know," he answered. "This sort of thing usually happens in the Spring up here!"

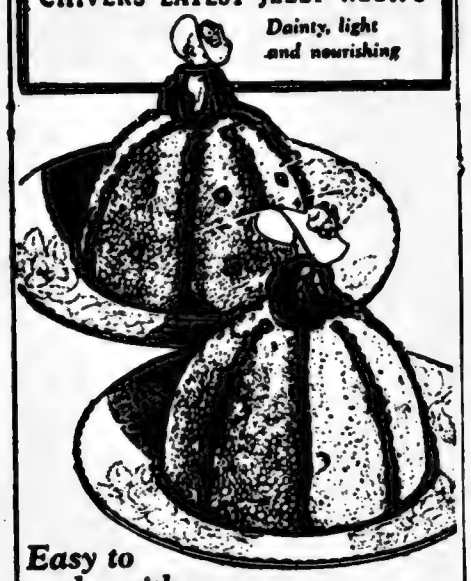
Where, but in the incredible Orient, could one hundred bodies be found in one river in one month, without either police or public getting in any way ex-

(Continued on page 24)

LITTLE OLD LADY

CHIVERS LATEST JELLY RECIPE

Dainty, light and nourishing



Easy to make with

CHIVERS JELLIES

Serve this new Chivers Jelly recipe as a surprise dish this week-end. You will find it very easy and inexpensive to prepare. Remember warm weather menus need plenty of Chivers Jellies; they contain real fruit juice—that's why they taste so good.

RECIPE FOR "LITTLE OLD LADY"

Pint packet of Chivers Jelly (any flavour), Glace Cherries, Cream. Make up Jelly to ½-pint only. When cool (but not set) whip jelly into a stiff froth, then fill this into cups. When set turn out on plates and insert cocktail stick in centre of each jelly. Fix on this two glace cherries, one folded over the other to represent body. On top of cherries put a small portion of cream to form head. The hat (see illustration) is merely a circular piece of white paper, topped with cream. If desired decorate crinoline skirts with cream or mashed jelly using an icing bag.

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A 20th Century-Fox Production

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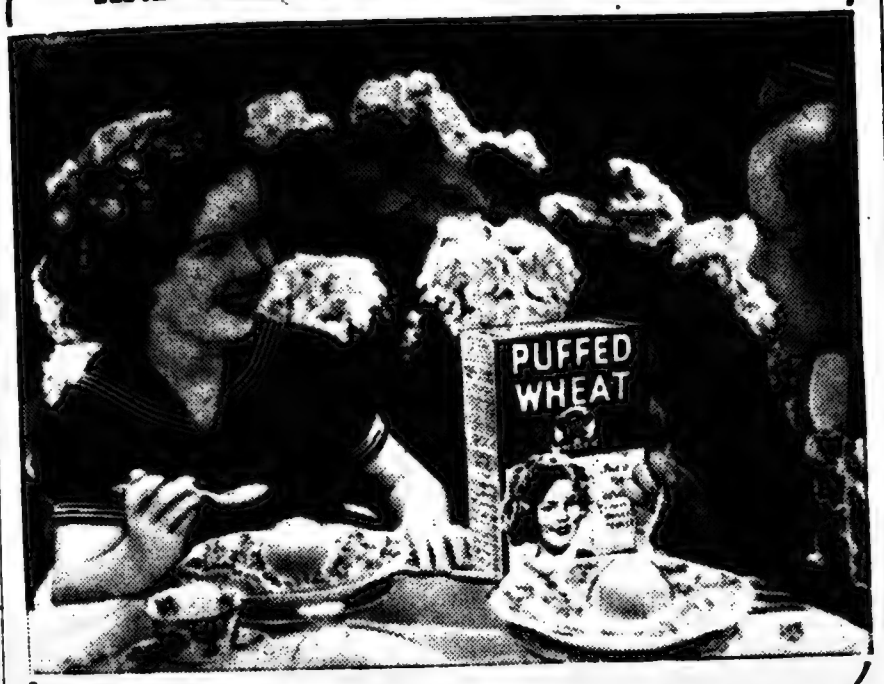

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And as all her friends like these tasty grains of rich, ripe wheat as much as Shirley does, that's the breakfast problem settled!

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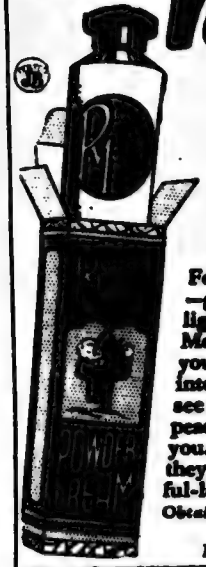

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Continuing "Chinese Puzzle"

THEY PRAY FOR SOULS OF INSECTS

cited concerning the murder game proceeding under their noses?

Shanghai, "Paris of the East," is almost as incredible as Tientsin.

That city has two hundred cabarets, one thousand "International"—otherwise Russian—dance hostesses, with whom the visitor can dance or "sit out" by buying dance tickets costing 14s. an hour, plus some 10,000 Chinese dance partners.

Shanghai—nobly assisted by world travellers who land there—spends in cabarets a sum estimated at four million pounds sterling a year.

That same city of romance also has the most expert crime gangs in creation, more murder and sudden death to the square yard than any other city on earth, and about two dozen genuine hall-marked riots a year.

Hence Shanghai's famous Riot Squad, composed of two hundred highly trained fighters who are ready to turn out day or night in the red riot vans—known to all in Shanghai as the "Bloody Marys"—complete with steel vests, steel helmets, machine guns, gas bombs and stretchers.

I have seen that gallant two hundred, led by Inspector Fairburn, their English commander, "take on" a howling mob of 30,000 rioters bent on murder, and disperse them after twenty-five baton charges without a shot being fired.

SHANGHAI'S bad boys are tough, but the Riot Squad is a good deal tougher.

The crooks who operate from China's greatest port—or some of them—are in the big money.

Shanghai can boast at least three rival gangs of racketeers, each possessing palatial offices, boards of directors controlling operations, limousine cars and fat incomes totalling millions of dollars between them.

Certainly nothing like the Shanghai crime octopus exists anywhere else on earth.

Although Japan does not scruple to control China's drug traffic and reap a rich harvest from its vice dens, no country is more puritanical, more determined to purify its national life.

Tokyo's police force is so busy seeing that dance-halls remain tightly shut, that no gramophones are played in public after 10 p.m., and that all the six million citizens of the Imperial city go home by 11 p.m., that it has little time left to deal with serious crime, of which, fortunately, there is little in Japan.

Japan's "bobbies" could give Mrs. Grundy a mile start and win at a canter.

In Tokyo a man and woman may not ride together in a taxi after 11 p.m. unless they are married. It is against the law.

A woman walks homeward in the evening with a male escort at her own risk. If it isn't a relative she is liable to spend the night in a cold police cell.

No night club or night life of any description is permitted in Tokyo—except the dozens of geisha houses where men are entertained with traditional songs and music, the hundreds of tawdry bars off the Ginza (Tokyo's Piccadilly), and the Yoshiwaras, or licensed quarters, where the men of Japan can carouse until dawn for all the police care.

Only the Geisha girls can dance till dawn . . . .

But should you feel like taking a lady, Japanese or foreign, somewhere to dine and dance, or talk, that isn't possible. The purity-mad police of the city won't stand for it.

In that great crusade to keep Japan pure, cinema films are carefully censored—lest Western "corruption" should sully the screens of Nippon.

A kiss is a sin which must not be portrayed, or the very word, even, featured in the title of any Japanese film.

Anything dealing with revolution or considered disrespectful to *any* Throne—even if it was swept away in the Middle Ages—has also no chance of reaching the screens of Japan. The nation must be encouraged to think only the highest thoughts. Absolute purity is compulsory—by order of the self-appointed police censors.

TOKYO police officials, discussing this aspect of Japanese life with me, have claimed that they are more logical than the English.

Having thoughtfully provided more than four hundred Yoshiwaras for those in search of emotional adventures, they "won't have any love-making spilling all over the city."

One other respect in which Japan is unique is in the craze for committing suicide or *hara-kiri*.

Japanese are trained from the earliest age to be fearless in the face of death, and while they will patiently endure untold hardships for the glory of the Emperor or the good of their country, they will commit suicide on the slightest provocation, especially if they feel they have proved unworthy of being members of the great Yamato race.

But even towards *hara-kiri* the official attitude has changed. The country's rulers want to stop the wastage of promising lives. A certain Tokyo shopkeeper found that out only a few months ago.

This gentleman, having decided that life is not all it is cracked up to be, set out one fine spring day bound for the island of Oshima.

Arriving there, he climbed the slopes of Mihara volcano, as hundreds of "fed-ups" had done before him, and jumped into the bubbling crater.

PROVIDENTIALLY, a ledge of rock broke his fall.

Thus, suspended twixt this world and the next, he revised his ideas about life and began the perilous climb to regain the summit and safety.

Five hours later, almost fried alive and half-suffocated by sulphur fumes, he scrambled over the crater edge and sank exhausted on the other side—the only man in history who had ever flung himself into a volcano and lived.

Recovering, he made his way to a nearby village, where, remembering that for centuries *hara-kiri* has been highly favoured in Japan, he told his tale, confidently expecting—and not unreasonably—to be acclaimed a hero.

Unfortunately for the man who came back, Japan, as I have said, is not what it was.

The police, having listened to his story, marched him off to the lock-up.

Nor was the magistrate, before whom he was brought the next day, any more sympathetic. He gave the gallant hero seven days without the option.

If this sort of thing goes on, the popularity of *hara-kiri* as a pastime will wane.

But there is still no end in sight to the habit of holding solemn Buddhist services to comfort the souls of dead animals, birds and even insects.

RECENTLY more than fifty of Japan's leading scientific workers were present at a solemn mass, to comfort the spirits of more than one hundred thousand toads killed in the course of medical experiments. The ivory-carvers of Japan hold masses to pray for the souls of all the elephants that have died to provide them with ivory. Masses are also held for broken dolls and for dead pets.

Perhaps the strangest of all such ceremonies, however, was the Buddhist service arranged by the maker of a famous Japanese insect-powder, and attended by many of the highest officials of the great industrial city of Osaka.

The congregation prayed for the souls of all the fleas, beetles, cockroaches, bugs and other insects that had died to make the manufacturer wealthy and his insect-powder famous.

Which is one more example of the fact that anything can happen in the incredible Orient. And probably will!

"Greatest of These"

LIFE holds little but work and worry for Mrs. Mary Massebo, of Port Talbot, South Wales.

Her unemployed husband has been an invalid for four years, and there are six young children to clothe and feed.

Chrystal, aged eleven, has also suffered from ill-health. Rheumatism has so weakened her heart that she cannot go to school again.

So with a baby of four years and two invalids on her hands, Mrs. Massebo cannot possibly add to the family budget.

In the words of her doctor, she is a "striving, steady and sober woman, deserving of all the help she can get."

Will you help to lighten Mrs. Massebo's burden? Please earmark your donations "Chrystal" and address them to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy will be sent on application.

Good marriages are always helped by good meals—have a shot at seeing every meal you serve your husband is an interesting one. Don't be frightened by cold meat or fish—spicy Pan Yan will make that cold supper a delicious treat. Pan Yan gives a grand flavour to everything, and helps digestion too. It's specially blended to stimulate the digestive organs. Good temper starts in the stomach—that's why wise wives serve Pan Yan.

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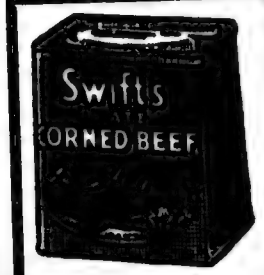

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

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ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

BE READY BEFORE THE ACCIDENT

PRESTOBAND

the new self-adhesive bandage

A few seconds... a few turns... a perfect bandage: neat, firm, comfortable. Maximum protection from dirt and germs—minimum interference with work or play. Porous to air, so the skin may breathe; impervious to water, so you may wash. In fact, never say bandage: say PRESTOBAND—it's worth it!

In three sizes @ 3d., 6d., & 9d. From Boot's, Timothy Whites and all chemists. Made by Vernon & Co., Ltd., Preston

● NO KNOTS - NO PINS - DOES NOT STICK TO SKIN OR HAIR

FOR A FEW PENCE A PINT YOU CAN MAKE delicious home-made *cream*

Smooth-flowing cream for your coffee; thick, delicious cream for your sweet; easy-to-pour cream for the kiddies' porridge—you can make them all at home for a cost so small you'll scarcely notice it! Send for this interesting booklet "Home-made Cream and its many uses"—it tells you how to make different kinds of cream, and how to use them in all sorts of delicious dishes. It tells you how to make ICE CREAM too—the kiddies will love it—and how to get a wonderful cream-making machine absolutely free! Fill in the voucher and get this invaluable little booklet now

Free

STORK MARGARINE

SUNSHINE VITAMINS A & D

A GIFT COUPON WITH EVERY POUND

To The Stork Company, Dept. U. 12, Unilever House, Blackfriars, London, E.C.4
Please send me free of charge a copy of "Home-made Cream and its many uses"

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS. *Post voucher in unsealed ½d-stamped envelope*

JS 182-71-38

"An old lady who looked as if she'd come out of a fairy-tale"

PIGEON'S MILK

SOME years ago, when staying in a village on the South Downs, I met an old lady who looked as though she had come out of a fairy-tale.

Her clothes were shabby and very old-fashioned, but her voice and manner were those of a "grande dame."

I was told that once she had been wealthy—so. when she remarked to me that her own story was equal to any thriller, I expected to hear about her change of fortune.

Instead, this is the tale she told me:

I am a spinster, aged sixty-three, in reduced circumstances, and I lived, for nine years, in an apartment-house in a busy part of South London.

My room was very cheap and my landlady was both clean and honest—a combination which I could not hope to find elsewhere.

I should have been completely happy were it not for my daily walk. Once I was out in the streets I could not forget the misery of the world. I am super-sensitive to suffering, and it nearly broke my heart to see workless men, hungry children and homeless cats.

The only way I could help was by personal service. Every Saturday evening I used to nerve myself to enter the big public-house—the Blue Lion—and distribute temperance tracts. I had to exercise tact and always made the same little speech:

"Ladies and gentlemen,—I know none of you would ever drink too much; but please give this to someone who *may*."

The landlord and his wife—the Frosts—a stout, jolly pair, never resented me, but were very kind.

"Hulloa, Aunty, spoiling my trade again?" Mr. Frost would shout, and his wife always invited me "to have one on the house."

Of course I chose milk, and then she would call out to the barmaid, "A glass of pigeon's milk for Aunty."

While I was drinking it she winked at the other customers and everyone laughed.

Perhaps you understand that I had become a local character, because of my clothes and my set habits. I always wore the same black cloak and large hat, tied under my chin, since they were becoming and good material never wears out.

I had been seven years in the neighbourhood, when there was an epidemic of influenza, to which I fell a victim. Mine was a mild attack—although the old woman in the attic died—and I actually enjoyed it because I could stay indoors.

★ You see, year in, year out, in all weathers, at exactly the same time, I had gone for my duty walk and I dreaded it and hated it.

As I grew better I invented a fresh excuse daily for not resuming the habit, until the time came for me to face the truth.

I reasoned that this daily constitutional made me so wretched that it undid the physical good. Therefore, I resolved never to go out again.

Again, this was pure common-sense, for there followed a period of blissful peace. My landlady agreed to cash my monthly cheque and buy my food, in return for which service I gladly removed my plum brocade curtains from the first floor front and went up to the attic.

I grew to love my little room. The window was set high up in the wall, so that I could only see the sky, but I wanted no better view. I lived, as usual, on brown bread, cheese, watercress and apples, which gave me the essential vitamins, and I got the news of the world through my wireless.

Every night and morning I walked a measured half-mile around my room.

★ At the end of two years I received a letter from my favourite cousin, telling me that her husband was dead and inviting me to share her cottage, for company.

The news gave me a shock of happiness, for I loved the country. As she had enclosed the money for my fare, my landlady bought my railway ticket and sent off my scrap of belongings, "luggage in advance," to save a taxi.

Then, bag in hand, I left my beloved attic and went out of the house.

The neighbourhood looked extra squalid, with orange-peel and tram tickets strewn on the dirty pavement, but it appeared unchanged. There was the Italian fruiterer's, with the usual string of swarthy children, who used to shout insults at me and sometimes throw rotten tomatoes.

As I drew nearer I shook my umbrella at them, as I always did. To my surprise, instead of attacking me, they screamed at the top of their voices and ran away down the street.

Too relieved to wonder the reason for their fright, I entered the general store, to buy biscuits for my journey.

Here the second strange event happened. The manageress dropped the cheese she was cutting and stared at me with terrified eyes.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Do you take me for a ghost?"

She looked at me and laughed, while the colour came back to her face.

"Believe it or not," she said, "that's just what I did. I thought you dead and buried these two years. We saw your funeral. Then the red curtains came down and no one ever saw you again."

Of course, it was a natural conclusion in a busy neighbourhood, where people are always coming and going. I was only missed because I was a "character."

As I waited to be served the manageress began to gossip, and I was sorry to hear that the landlord of the Blue Lion had died from a stroke.

★ "Mrs. Frost is a changed woman," she declared. "Things are very dicky there. She's in with a no-good lot and they say there's a mortgage on the Lion.

"She's gone in for Spiritualism and her precious nephew brings mediums to put her in touch with her dead husband. She says he advises her about her investments. Looks like monkey-business to me, but no one dare say anything for fear of libel."

While she was chatting one of the regular customers at the Blue Lion came in—a Mr. King, who used to accept my tracts more politely than anyone. He was an artist-photographer and always struck me as a superior type.

Like the others, he had a shock at the first sight of me. He kept his eyes fixed upon my face while I was in the shop, and afterwards he followed me out.

"I have a favour to beg," he said. "You are going away, so I shall not get another opportunity. Will you let me take your photograph?"

He went on to explain that he wanted to exhibit it at the Photographic Exhibition.

(Continued on page 28)

Strange Things Happen to Women No. 6

By Ethel Lina White

Author of "The Wheel Spins," "The Elephant Never Forgets," and many other novels

Agonising Stomach Pain?

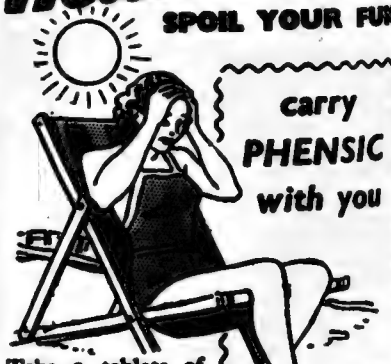
IT'S *acid* that causes those terrible stomach pains — corrosive, ulcerating excess acid which burns the delicate lining of the stomach and turns your food into a fermenting, indigestible mass.

The only way to get relief is to neutralise the excess stomach acid. Just take *one dose* of 'Bisurated' Magnesia — and the job's done! 'Bisurated' Magnesia neutralises excess acid in an instant. It spreads a soothing, protective film over the inflamed stomach lining, checks ulceration, and quickly restores normal digestion. That's why it is used and recommended by doctors and hospitals all over the world. Get a bottle to-day.

Prices: Powder, 1/3 & 2/6. Tablets, 6d., 1/3 & 2/6.

You want 'Bisurated' Magnesia

DON'T LET Holiday Headaches SPOIL YOUR FUN



carry PHENSIC with you

Take 2 tablets of Phensic to stop the pain which plays havoc with your nerves, to revive your spirits, to soothe away Neuralgia, sun-glare headache. Phensic will strengthen and refresh you. It will safely remove the cause of your pain. Doctors, Nurses and Specialists give Phensic because they know of nothing better, safer or more effective.

Take Two Tablets AND AWAY GOES PAIN

From any chemist: 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

The Quick Reviver ®

Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK'

The Wonderful Tablets that Drive out PAIN

say Selo for snaps' sake!

A ship, a sail, sun, sea and Selo—here's your chance for a snap that's extra-brilliant! Here's your chance to carry off a picture that's rich in tones and clear in detail! These British films★ triumph over all weather changes—they make the very best of every single snap. Say Selo—for snaps' sake!

For every make and size of camera

SELO FILMS

★**SELO-ORTHO**—the fast roll film for all-round snapshotting; marvellous latitude to overcome exposure errors.
†**SELOCHROME**—the extra fast roll film for high-speed work. Highly orthochromatic and anti-halo backed.
†**SELO FINE GRAIN** Panchromatic roll film—ideal for miniature cameras and gives perfect colour rendering.
†**SELO HYPERSENSITIVE** Panchromatic roll film, the world's fastest film. Completely colour sensitive.

† *These films are also made in specially fine grain emulsions for miniature cameras taking 35 mm. perforated film*

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BENSON'S offer you ACCURACY!

Silver Wrist Watch £3.5.0.

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One of these solid silver watches for 3/- with order

The first step to securing one of these solid silver Benson watches for men is to post the coupon below for FREE catalogue and special order form. You will be well repaid for your trouble. Benson watches are famed for their wonderful accuracy and they long outlast any ordinary watch. Both these models have fully jewelled lever movements covered by Benson's full written guarantee. Either model can be yours for 3/- with order. Balance of cash price (£3.5.0.) payable in 12 monthly sums of 5/- and a final sum of 2/-. NO interest is charged and the watch is sent in handsome velvet-lined case. Post coupon NOW.

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The original firm founded A.D. 1749.

To J. W. Benson, Ltd., 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.4

Please send, post free, illustrated catalogue(s) indicated, and details of your 'Times' System of Monthly Payments.

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from the great **Berkeley** Upholstery Factories

Genuine Berkeleys cannot be obtained from any other furnishing house.

BERKELEY Upholstery leads the World for comfort, durability and value. Here are two Models of outstanding value which maintain our high standard for comfort and reliability as well as handsome appearance.

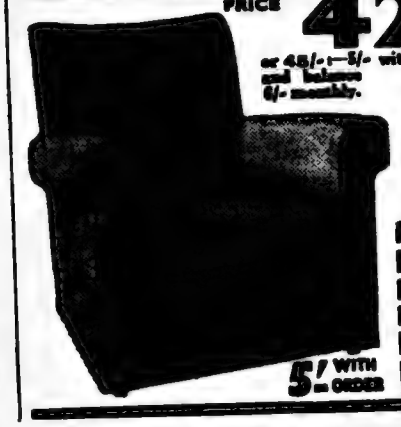
Send Coupon for Catalogue of all makes and patterns of Coverings.

GUARANTEE. *We deliver soon after Receipt of First Payment with order, and if the value of any Berkeley Model does not come up to your expectations, you may return it within seven days AT OUR EXPENSE and we will refund your money in full.* **FREE DELIVERY in England, Scotland and Wales.**

The RENTON EASY CHAIR

An excellent design which meets the great demand for a medium-size Easy Chair of definite comfort at a minimum of expense. Concealed castors.

CASH PRICE **42/-** or 48/-:—5/- with Order and balance 6/- monthly.



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The Berkeley HOME MODEL

A most pleasing Easy Chair which can be thoroughly relied upon for lasting service. Thousands have been sold and have given complete satisfaction.

CASH PRICE **40/-** or 42/6:— 5/- with order and balance 6/- monthly.

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H. J. SEARLE & SON, LTD. (Dept. J.B.)
70-78, OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON, S.E.1.
West End Showrooms: 133, Victoria Street, S.W.1.
Branches: 83-87, London Road, CROYDON; The Parade, WATFORD; 85, New Street, BIRMINGHAM; 71, Deansgate, MANCHESTER; 149, Becontree Av., DAGENHAM.

COUPON Please send me Catalogue of all Models of Berkeley Upholstery, together with range of Coverings.

Name.....

Address.....

John Bull .....

1 *New 'Veet'* ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes without trouble, mess or bother.

2 *New 'Veet'* leaves the skin soft, smooth and white without trace of ugly stubble.

3 *New 'Veet'* is a dainty white cream—sweetly scented and pleasant to use.

4 *New 'Veet'* avoids coarse regrowth—unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker. Price 6d. and 1/3d.

RHEUMATISM

Don't let it wreck your health

We all know how a week or two of Rheumatic torture can pull one down. The pitiless pain saps strength and spirit, leaving you weak, worn, nerveless. And no sooner are you becoming yourself again when, very likely, the demon assails you still more fiercely. Again you are on the rack; again your health is drained away. In the end, you become a shadow of your former self—aged, feeble, dispirited.

No wonder great doctors issue grave warnings against this destroying malady that cripples heart as well as limbs!

But what, you ask, can the ordinary person do? Just this. You can take Fynnon Salt, the wonderful *Spa Treatment at Home*, which is banishing Rheumatism—even severe cases—on a scale never known before. The Sodium, Potassium and Lithium in Fynnon Salt cleanse the blood, rinse away Uric Acid and poisons, and keep the human engine in grand working order. Take a teaspoonful of Fynnon in a tumblerful of water every morning of your life and keep 'fighting fit' far into old age.

Large tins 1/3 at all chemists.

ECZEMA

End Pain And Disfigurement

This Quick, Easy Way

Eczema, indeed any form of skin trouble, is quickly ended by D.D.D. Brand Prescription. This soothing, healing liquid penetrates deep down below the skin and removes the cause of your trouble. Redness, irritation and soreness stop immediately, and in a little while your skin looks perfectly clean, smooth and healthy. Use D.D.D. Prescription for eczema, dermatitis, psoriasis, ulcers, rashes, spots and pimples. Sold by Chemists everywhere, price 1/3 a bottle.

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

A trial bottle of D.D.D. Prescription will be sent free on application to D.D.D. Laboratories, Dept. M.N.3 Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

D·D·D PRESCRIPTION

Continuing

Pigeon's Milk

"I have to catch a train to Crawley," I said.

"I will take you to Victoria by car," he promised. "Of course, there is the usual fee of a guinea for the sitting."

I did not like the idea of selling my face, but the offer was too good to refuse.

So I followed him into his dingy waiting-room, where he left me to make a telephone call. When he came back, he seemed excited about something.

"Would you be nervous to be photographed in a dark room?" he asked. "It will only take a minute. I want a Rembrandt effect—your face staring out of a black background."

"It sounds artistic," I agreed, as I followed him down a passage into a small dimly lit room. Black velvet curtains were drawn across one end and at the other was a chair on a raised platform.

"Please don't speak," he whispered. "It's terribly awkward, but I've let part of my studio for a séance, so we really shouldn't be here. Sit in that chair—and don't be startled when my assistant flashes the light on to your face."

I nodded agreement, and directly I was in position the room was plunged into darkness.

Then I heard a faint swishing sound and, at the same moment, I was nearly blinded by a glare in my eyes.

Suddenly a woman screamed somewhere down the room.

"*Aunty!* It's Aunty, come back from the grave. Oh, I believe now. Let me speak to her——"

Everything seemed to happen together and I was completely confused. While she was imploring the light went out and I felt Mr. King dragging me outside and down the passage.

★ Directly I was back in the waiting-room my brain cleared, too late for direct action. At the time I had not grasped what was happening; but now the position became clear to me.

In high excitement I explained the fraud to my nice Mr. King.

"I'm sure Mrs. Frost is the victim of a dishonest medium. They used *me* to deceive her. I distinctly heard the curtains being drawn aside—and she mistook me for a spirit. . . . They may ask her to sign some paper which will put her in their power. . . . We must warn her *at once*."

"Leave that to me," he said. "Get going, Aunty."

His voice suddenly sounded hard as a gangster's in a B.B.C. play. When I looked into his eyes I got a terrible shock. I realised he was also in the conspiracy to defraud Mrs. Frost.

If I wanted confirmation of my suspicion I got it when an unpleasant-faced man came into the room. King drew him aside, but I managed to overhear part of his whispered conversation.

"She's on to it. Wants to squeal."

"O.K.," nodded the other man. "Merstham."

I knew what that meant. The tunnel, where more than one person had been found murdered. . . .

My only hope was to pretend I was simple—and wait my chance. So I followed King meekly into the street and allowed him to help me on to a bus.

"We are going to such a *nice* place, Aunty," he said, for the benefit of the other passengers.

"Yes, I like the country," I agreed.

I could tell he was relieved when I spoke to no one, but sat smiling, all the way to Victoria Station. It was plain that he took me for a crazed old woman.

I stood quietly in the queue before the booking-office.

Suddenly I saw the right person—a bad-tempered-looking woman who carried two suitcases.

I waited until she put one down, while she opened her purse. Then I snatched it up and stole off with it.

★ To my joy she ran after me, but I clung to it, vowing that it was mine.

"Liar," she shouted. "Let go of my case!"

Plucking up all my nerve, I scratched her face. The next second I was involved in a terrific struggle.

As King tried to interfere, a policeman came up. He was a gift from heaven, for, before he could speak to me, I drew my nails across his face, too.

After that, it was no good for King to explain that his poor old aunt was slightly mental.

Directly we were inside an office I turned to the superior officer, who sat at a table, and spoke in my natural voice.

"This bag belongs to that lady. I apologise deeply for my assault, but it was my only chance of getting police protection. . . . Will you listen to an extraordinary story?"

"'Extraordinary' is the word," muttered the inspector when I had finished. I knew that he did not believe me, and I felt desperate.

★ "Will you let a policeman come with me to the Blue Lion," I begged, "to warn Mrs. Frost? If my tale is true she will think I am a ghost."

"Suppose you go quietly away with your nephew," he said in a soothing voice, "and forget all about it."

"Come, Aunty," said King, gripping my arm.

"*Aunty?*" I repeated. "Why—you don't even know my name."

Although I was overjoyed by my brain-wave, I remembered to speak quietly to the inspector.

"My name is on this envelope," I explained, taking my cousin's letter from my bag. "You can prove it. I will be willing for a policewoman to examine my underwear. Every garment is marked with that name. . . . Ask *him* what it is!"

King knew the game was up, so he made a dash from the room.

They brought him back, however, and the story had a satisfactory ending.

When the police car took me to the Blue Lion, Mrs. Frost thought, at first, that I was a spirit; but she pulled herself together wonderfully afterwards and gave the police all the particulars they wanted for their prosecution of the sharepushers.

As I was leaving to catch another train she gave me one of her old winks. "Like a glass of pigeon's milk, Aunty?"

"No, thank you," I said. "You were very kind, but I no longer require a *tonic*."

You see, I had always known that the barmaid added a drop of spirits to my glass of milk.

Margery Lawrence, author of next week's strange adventure, is novelist, journalist and short-story writer.

She has many first-rate novels to her credit, one of which was banned at first, though subsequently it became a best seller. Another novel, "Red Heels," was filmed.

Cavalcade of the C.I.D

Trapped by Telephone

Two Polish gunmen, Paul Helfield and Jacob Lapidus, attacked the cashier of a Tottenham factory on January 25, 1909, and made off with an £800 pay-roll. Police and a crowd gave chase, but the gunmen opened fire, shot dead Constable Tyler and a youth named Ralph Joelyn, and wounded Constable Nichol.

The desperadoes were headed for Epping Forest, and, to cut them off, Scotland Yard used the telephone for the first time in a big-scale man-hunt. Even private 'phones were commandeered to muster all forces.

This spread the net round the gangsters so swiftly that they were nearly trapped on the Chingford road. But they leapt on a tramcar, and while one fired from the back the other forced the conductor to drive at top speed. From the tram they sprang into an empty milk float and drove at a mad gallop to Hale End Station, where they ran into the fields.

Helfield was shot as he climbed a fence, but killed himself before the police could reach him. Lapidus, still exchanging fire with his pursuers, forced his way into a cottage on the verge of Epping Forest and prepared for a last stand. Mounted police constables Dixon and Eagles followed him in, their guns blazing. Lapidus died fighting.

STOMACH PAIN so bad that Doctor injects morphia

"Relief found at last"

Switzerland.

"After years of great pain in my stomach I have at last found relief in your powder, and I wish to tell you how grateful I am for this wonderful cure.

"I was so ill that my doctor had to inject morphia to relieve the terrible pain.

"I was X-rayed and treated by a specialist, yet the pain continued. At last I read in my daily English paper about someone who had found relief in Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, and I determined to try it.

"After two months I can now eat anything—from new bread to cucumber—which is simply marvellous. Mrs. A. F.-W.

Dread of unknown terrors added much to the intolerable suffering described by Mrs. A. F.-W. in the letter published here. Yet the relief she needed, which specialist treatment had not provided, was readily at hand.

Serious stomach complaints usually begin with only slight pain. *Then is the best time to put matters right*, rather than to discover later that weeks of suffering might have been avoided. But there is this comfort for every stomach sufferer—however far the trouble has gone, freedom can soon be gained because

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder banishes the cause of pain

Stomach pain often comes from the pressure of wind or gas in the stomach caused by fermenting matter. If you take Maclean Brand Stomach Powder **nothing impure can remain**—the cause of pain is removed.

Other pain comes from acid eating into the stomach walls, perhaps leading to gastric ulcers. From the first dose, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder begins to neutralise the acid and puts a protective coating over the stomach wall.

Be cautious of imitations

The acknowledged success of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder has led to many imitations. But you dare not risk getting anything but **Maclean Brand** Stomach Powder, which is never sold loose but only in bottles in cartons both bearing the signature "Alex. C. Maclean." That is your safeguard.

Thousands have written

of long-standing stomach troubles ended by Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Get a bottle to-day. 1/3, 2- and 5-, Powder or Tablets. Also pocket tins of Tablets, 9d. Only genuine with the signature "Alex. C. Maclean."

Look for the signature— *Alex. C. Maclean*

MACLEAN Brand Stomach Powder

Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 25.

You never see a 'plus' dog limp and listless

'FAIRLY PULLS ME OFF MY FEET'

"Not long ago my dog seemed to be in a very bad way," writes Mr. S.B. of Birmingham. "Every now and then he would 'flop' and just lie around all day. I began giving him Bob Martin's and the result was amazing. He's so lively now he fairly pulls me off my feet at times."

WHEN YOUR DOG IS LISTLESS he isn't tired—or even lazy. *He is unwell.* Listlessness is a danger sign and should never be neglected. It means that impurities in your dog's blood have made his liver sluggish.

Whenever the weather warms up these impurities are aggravated so rapidly that a dog can lose his health and good spirits in a day. That is why he sometimes becomes snappish and sulky—quite unlike the lovable, good-natured fellow he usually is.

Your dog cannot rid himself of blood impurities by perspiring, because there are *no pores in his skin.* Nature's way to keep him in condition is to provide blood correctives among certain wild grasses. But these are beyond your dog's reach, and in their place you should provide him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which contain the natural blood correctives he needs.

'PLUS' DOGS NEVER 'FLOP'

Because his blood is kept pure by Bob Martin's Condition Powders, a 'plus' dog is never listless or surly. These famous Powders prevent and cure all the common blood disorders such as scratching, listlessness, sour breath, loss of appetite, loose coat and eczema. The result of regular Bob Martin's is that dogs enjoy a life of constant health and happiness.

'PLUS' DOGS WELCOME SUMMER

Whatever you enjoy doing, a 'plus' dog enjoys, too. A walk on the downs? He'll make you stretch your legs! A day at the seaside? He'll brighten the beach! A trip in the car? He'll be the best companion you ever had. Whatever you do, a 'plus' dog's game for it. But remember the recipe for companionship—'one Bob Martin's once a day'. And whatever the weather he'll be as fresh and happy as the day is long.

DANGER MONTHS FOR DOGS

All dogs are subject to overheating on warm days. If your dog is out of condition, this sudden overheating will aggravate the impurities which have collected in his blood. Before you can act he may go down with one or other of the blood disorders so many dogs suffer in Summer.

Prevent hot weather risks! Put your dog right *now* with a course of Bob Martin's Condition Powders (full directions in every packet), and then *keep* him a 'plus' dog with 'one Bob Martin's once a day'. In packets, 6d and 1/-, from all chemists and dog-food shops.

to keep dogs fit the *'plus'* dog way

Bob Martin's

is the rule to-day

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/6 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves 'PARROT' Cycle with Middlemore's Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chrom Plate, Raised or Drop Handlebars, Ladies' or Gent's with Accessories, Carr. Paid £4:12:6 or 5/6 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer Three-Speed Gear £5:12:6 Terms: 6/3 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles' & Tandems. Roadsters, Racers, Club Models.

5/6 now

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

KIDNEY AILMENTS

Mrs. Allanson, Leeds, writes:—"I suffered terribly from Kidney Trouble caused through my confinement, and had five fits. I lost over 3 stones and could not walk. My gums and tongue were pure white, and I suffered dreadful nights. I was told my kidneys were permanently damaged and nothing more could be done for me. I started taking Vitadatio and it has worked wonders. I cannot thank you enough for the wonderful benefit I have derived from it. My kidneys have now been tested again and found to be perfect."

If you suffer from Kidney, Liver or Stomach Trouble, Vitadatio can help you! Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 3- and 5- per bottle or direct per post (6d. extra in U.K.).

From VITADATIO, ARMLEY, LEEDS. **Write for FREE BOOK** KA 121

Concluding

ROUND THE WORLD FOR 6d.

Two tickets for a world's cruise were part of the great first prize which Mr. Albert Baxter, of Ilford, London, won in a "John Bull" contest. He took his mother with him, and here he ends the story of their adventures.

The Baxters See More Marvels

". . . And once again, the skyline of New York . . ."

MORE than a score of most romantic countries in the world to be visited—with four months in which to do it.

That is the prospect that faced mother and me as we began the last half of our 40,000 miles world tour.

Impressions of that glorious four months crowd in my mind.

Beggars and pedlars of every description, jugglers, fortune-tellers, snake-charmers, fakirs—all as thick as Cockneys in Camberwell.

So that was India.

Is there any country in the world where life at its worst is so plentifully mixed with life at its best? But let me dwell on the bright side. . . .

On ox-wagons, caravans of pack donkeys, meticulous old ivory-carvers, working with magnifying glasses, one of whom asked me 10,000 for a screen.

On the Taj Mahal, world's most beautiful building, seen at dawn, of the mosque of pearls, and a temple of sixty-four pillars—and so much besides.

And on mystics who perform so many wonderful tricks—but who usually end up by making coins disappear. *Your* coins. And for ever!

But how unreliable the native guides.

Whatever we saw, Fort Agra, anything—it was always built by Akbar the Great. Always it took just seventeen years to build.

SO that when we saw the deserted City of Fatehpur Skiri, a marvellous assembly of palaces, homes, schools, baths, audience halls, punishment courts—some things as wonderful in their construction, perhaps, as the Taj Mahal itself—it was almost refreshing to hear that although Akbar the Great built this, too, it took nineteen years to build!

And this wonderful city now bereft of people was only occupied sixteen years.

Forty-eight hours at sea—and then Ceylon.

Limousines, buffalo carts and ox-wagons jumbled on a quay. Natives who all wore skirts. Glib vendors who cheerfully came down from 50s. to 5s. Priests in brilliant yellow with shaved heads.

So that was Ceylon.

Languorous days in Penang . . . holy tortoises . . . the famous Snake Temple, where gorged reptiles dozed in the scent of incense.

Singapore, with glories of its own, its thrills dwarfed, however, by the fact that some of our oldest friends live there, and that we found their house on a hillside with wild monkeys rollicking in the trees outside their windows.

Then as fantastic a place as we had ever seen, looking just like a stage setting from "Jack and the Beanstalk."

Houses perched with their fronts on piles and their backs on banks. Oxen like huge yaks, with big curved horns, harnessed to sledges.

THE snake farm where they extract venom to send over the world as anti-snake-bite serum. It was interesting to note that the snakes were themselves given an injection after the operation—to build up their strength again.

So that was Bangkok, Siam.

Next Tourane. There was a very special interest there, because no cruise ship has ever "done" the port before.

The people had been looking forward for months, therefore, to our visit. The French Resident and the Emperor of Annam had commandeered practically all the privately-owned cars to take us round.

Everyone was so hospitable. Soldiers, so small that their rifles and bayonets towered over them and their scabbards hung below their knees, tripping them up, accompanied us everywhere.

The Emperor of Annam, after weeks of persuasion by the French Resident, permitted us to see the Dynastic Urns, but we were not to photograph them.

Next Manila—with the military band of one hundred to greet us on the quay on arrival.

WE saw the walled city, cigar makers at work, and after that—such a prison.

There being no stigma attached to a prison sentence in the Philippines, employers wait at the gates to snap up good men as they come out!

Semarang. There's an island every farmer should visit. The soil is so rich you can get three crops a year of the same commodity!

And after that the Isle of Bali, where life is one long succession of feasts. There's hardly a day when you don't have to eat to celebrate one of the numerous deities.

After that we sailed for Amboina, where I was allowed to look into a new world—a world more beautiful than anything I have ever seen.

I mean by that that we peered through a glass-bottomed box into the coral reefs that abound here, and saw fish of all colours.

Sydney. Australia was lovely. No need to describe it.

Nor to describe New Zealand, except to say with what horror we stood at that thermal inferno of steam, hot springs and fumes that goes by the name of "Hell's Gate."

Now homeward. . . .

Fiji, Honolulu, and then Los Angeles. And we wouldn't join the party that toured the homes of the stars, preferring to visit our own friends there.

Then through the Panama Canal and once again the skyline of New York. Strange that it should make Britons feel almost at home.

Farewells to American friends who had made this wonderful journey with us—then the day when a more familiar coast-line looms out of the mist. With a thrill we set foot on our own native heath. England!

Now turn to page 36 and 37 where a World Cruise for Two, £500 and £5 Weekly Life Pension are finally offered this week.

Germolene

Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

HEALS

BAD LEG

Once again the magic healing power of GERMOLENE succeeds where all else failed! *'I had the misfortune to burn myself'* writes J. W. of Stone. *'I thought it would soon be all right again but it developed into a very bad leg. Nothing gave me relief until I used GERMOLENE and with good results! The wound is quite healed.'*

If YOU are a victim of any skin trouble get a tin of GERMOLENE TO-DAY! Soothes at the first touch—heals in record time. The Wonder Remedy for :—

ABSCESSES | ECZEMA
BOILS | BLACKHEADS
WOUNDS | SUNBURN
BAD LEG | SCALDS

6D. SOLD EVERYWHERE

1/3, 3/- & 12/- PER TIN Tubes 4/6

NOTE: When you have been cured by GERMOLENE Ointment, never use anything else on your skin but

GERMOLENE MEDICATED TOILET SOAP

6d. per Tablet. All Chemists.

RACE WITH "SILVER RING"

BIG-RACE BETS

THERE is a lull in the racing storm, and until the Eclipse Stakes comes up for decision on July 15 there is no big stuff to catch the eye.

In the meantime, our mortal enemies are at it again.

As they have no Derbies, Oaks or Hunt Cups with which to tempt us, they are offering long odds on future events—in particular the Liverpool and Molyneux Cups, and the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood.

If you intend to take long odds make sure of three points: (1) that your horse is alive, (2) that he is not at stud, (3) that he is in active training.

In one ante-post list sent me I noted a horse quoted which had split a pastern and been destroyed.

Selections for the events mentioned are St. Magnus for the Liverpool Cup, Ipsden for the Molyneux, and Bold Ben for the Stewards' Cup.

Cave Man is the JOHN BULL tip for the "Eclipse."

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers racing from Thursday, July 7, to Wednesday, July 13.

K X U Z R 98 96 G E D V B N H J T

S O Y 97 L W F 94 M P Q C I 93 95 A

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: EXPMKAU would read MODESTY. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted: ETLK9398X2P would read MARSHWOOD.

WHEN YOUR HEAD IS DULL AND HEAVY

When your tongue is furred, your bowels costive, and you rise in the morning tired, with no relish for breakfast and dreading your work; when you are bilious, and unable to look at food; when you feel fit-for-nothing, and have no energy, no interest or ambition—*your stomach and liver are out of order.*

It may be the weather or over-work, errors in diet, or some natural weakness; but, whatever the cause, your stomach and liver need immediate help. Indigestion is poisoning your system and sapping your vitality. Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup will surely help you. It will renew your appetite, stimulate your liver to healthy activity, regulate your bowels, make food nourish you, and give you new strength, new energy, new life. Test it to-day. Price 1/3 and 3/-.

£150

for 'Happy Dog' Snapshots.

Easy Competition for Dog Owners.

£100 FIRST PRIZE and over 200 other valuable

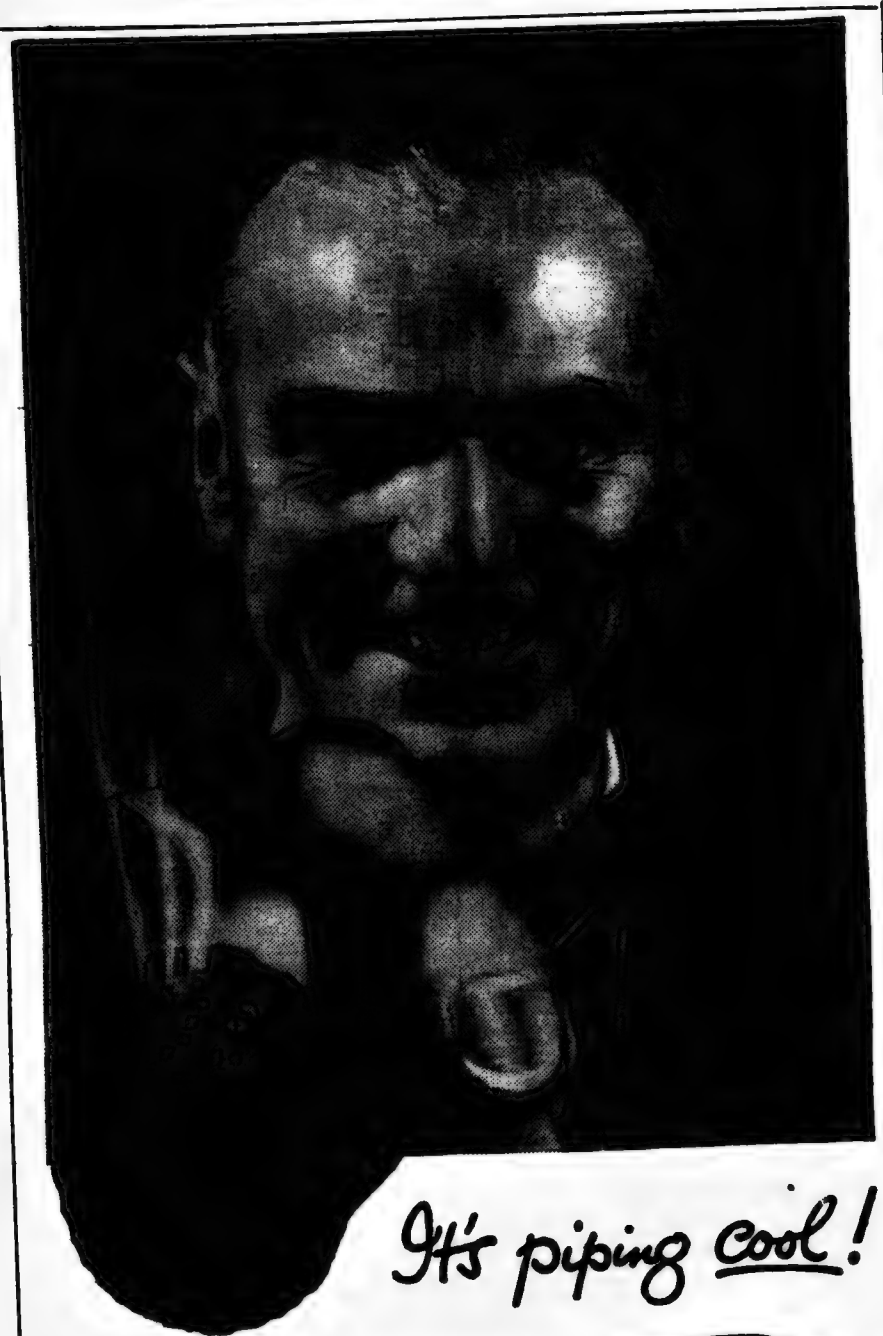
Cash and Consolation Prizes are offered by the makers of Karswood Dog Powders for snapshots of dogs in happy mood. Every prize MUST BE WON and every snapshot will stand an equal chance because winning entries will be chosen from the best pictures of doggy health and happiness—not from the most expert photographs. Existing 'snaps' may be entered, provided the dogs are still living. Free Entry Forms are obtainable from Chemists, Dog Food Shops, etc., everywhere. Every entry must be accompanied by the outer carton of a 1/- packet (or two 6d. packets) of Karswood Dog Powders. Because they are the *only* powders which reach, regulate and tone-up *every* vital organ in a dog's system, two Karswood Dog Powders do a dog more good than *six* ordinary 'single-salt' powders. 81 out of every 100 professional Dog Experts use *only* Karswood Dog Powders for keeping their dogs fit. Many Vets., too, advise them. As soon as you start giving your own doggy pal his two "Karswoods" each week, you will see such a vast improvement in his health that you will never use any other kind. Get a packet to-day—and ask at the same time for your Free Entry Form for the Karswood Dog Powder Snapshot Competition. If any difficulty write to E. Griffiths Hughes Ltd., 89, Adelphi, Salford, Manchester, 3.

BEER IS BEST

A bench beneath a swinging sign
A broad low-lintelled door
A landlord with a face benign
An old well-trodden floor.

A cellar cool, where 'in the wood',
Is stored that best of cheer—
The wine of England bringing good
To all who . . .

STICK TO BEER



It's piping cool!

LLOYD'S Bondman TOBACCO

RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA 11½ per oz.
EMPIRE BLEND ..... 10° per oz.

IN easy to open VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

STOP RHEUMATISM FOR 2D

When those terrible crippling twinges of RHEUMATIC PAIN attack you, don't put up with them! STOP them—for 2d! Take a Beechams Powder and see how quickly marvellous ease comes to you! Beechams Powders cost only 2d each but they are QUICKER-ACTING because of their special powder form. They stop LUMBAGO, NERVE PAINS, HEADACHES, SCIATICA. Get YOUR supply NOW!

BEECHAMS POWDERS
ACT LIKE MAGIC

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

How She LOST WEIGHT And Regained Health

If you are TOO BIG, putting on weight, or "not so slim as you were," here is a letter you must read. **This happy lady has lost her weight and at the same time FOUND NEW HEALTH!** The years have slipped from her shoulders until she feels 10 years younger!! If **YOU** wish to enjoy her experience, read her letter!

Dear Sirs,

I thought you would be interested to know how your wonderful Silf reduced my weight from 12st. to 8st. 7lb.

I feel absolutely fit and well always, and ten years younger. My age is 36 and everybody tells me I do not look it, thanks to Silf for making me slim again. I can thoroughly recommend it and do so wherever I can. I forgot to tell you my measurements were:—Bust 42 ins., Hips 42 ins., and Waist 34 ins. Now my measurements are:—Bust 34 ins., Hips 36 ins., and Waist 25 ins., so you can see for yourself the marvellous difference. With everlasting thanks. Yours sincerely (Sgd.) V. P.

HEALTH IMPROVES AS WEIGHT GOES

Whether your excessive weight is Many Stones . . . or just the first few extra pounds . . . **whether you have been burdened for years or only just commenced to "put on weight" . . . the action of "SILF" Brand Obesity Tablets is just as wonderful.** It is the wise, the healthful, the SAFE way to slimness. Commence to take it to-day. You can do so with complete confidence.

1/3, 3/- and 5/- Per Box — **Silf** BRAND — You Save By Purchasing the Larger Sizes.

From all Chemists or post free by sending the price to:—
THE SILF CO., LTD. (Dept. 48E)
39, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1
No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.

GET MORE and BETTER SMOKES -by rolling in AG PAPERS

THEY FIT ALL MACHINES

Another CORN lifts OUT -thanks to 'FREEZONE'

"FOR 40 years I suffered agony from 3 corns," writes Mr. Tree of Hailsham. "I spent a fortune on so-called remedies but they were no good. Then one Thursday I bought some 'Freezone'. The next Sunday morning all 3 corns came right out." 'Freezone' Corn Remover is only 1/3d. a bottle at all chemists and every bottle's sold with a money-back guarantee.

RHEUMATISM

LASTING RELIEF!

"... I had Neuritis in my arm, could not move it for four months, they (Uracc Brand Tablets) have completely cured me, I have never felt any pain since."—M.B., Roydon. Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

LIXEN

ELIXIR
Bottles 1/- & 1/9
LOZENGES
Tins 7½d & 1/-
The Good Natured Laxative

PRICE of the PAST

When the past comes back to menace the present . . . . That is a time to seek sage advice. Here "Humanist" tackles the problems of five people threatened by ghosts of long ago.

WHEN I was eighteen I found myself an expectant mother, and the man responsible, when he knew of my condition, vanished from our district.

After my baby was born my parents moved away and my mother told everybody that the child was hers.

Recently a girl friend asked me to be a bridesmaid at her wedding. I had never met her fiancé, and last Sunday she asked me to tea especially to meet him.

I nearly fainted when I saw that he was the father of my own child.

No one around here knows anything of my past and the man has apparently said nothing of having known me before. But, please, Mr. Inman, give me some advice. How can I let my friend marry him in ignorance?

★ This girl is in a desperately difficult position.

If she tells her friend, the past will almost certainly come to light. Her mother's part in it might be misunderstood and possibly condemned. And that little child might also suffer.

On the other hand, there is the plight of her friend. I think her best course is to talk the matter over with her parents, for they are also involved.

Together they must decide whether they can remain silent and allow that girl, without knowing the true facts of her fiancé's character, to marry him.

If they feel she must be told, then my correspondent's father should see that man and insist that he should tell his girl the truth about his past.

If he refuses to do so, the only other course is for the girl herself to be told.

In that event, I feel that a solicitor should be consulted, for the man might repudiate the allegation and the matter is complicated because an affiliation order has not been taken out against him.

I was Betrayed

I AM thirty-six years old and have never married. But when I was fifteen I was betrayed by a man, and later gave birth to a little girl.

My aunt brought her up and she is now twenty years old and a happy wife.

She, of course, knows I am her mother and we see each other often. I now keep house for my brothers and sisters and one brother is to be married in September.

My aunt tells me that I should inform my sister-in-law-to-be about my daughter, because she thinks that other people may do so.

Do you think it right that my misfortune should be raked up after all these years?

★ I certainly do not think so. What happened twenty years ago has nothing whatever to do with the girl this woman's brother is to marry.

Why, then, should she be told about it? If other people tell her, let them do so. Her answer should be, "It is not my affair and I don't want to hear anything about it."

The aunt, in my judgment, is definitely wrong in her advice.

Mother Says "No!"

DESPITE opposition from my mother, I have been courting a girl for two years.

Mother objects because my girl's mother has a bad name, and she thinks that her daughter will follow in her steps.

She refuses to meet my girl and always refers to her in a sarcastic way. Her desire is that I should give her up. If I do so I think the girl will feel more deeply about it than I do.

★ Is this young man in love with that girl? In view of the last sentence in his letter I hardly think so.

Let me remind him that "love laughs at locksmiths." And real love would overcome the objections of his mother.

It is grossly unfair for her to refuse to meet that girl and to blame her because of her mother's reputation.

Again I ask: Are you genuinely in love, young man? And are you satisfied that your girl will make you a good wife?

If so, go on with your courtship. Don't be ruled by your mother.

But if you have ceased to care, be frank with your girl and tell her so.

When Parents Quarrel

I AM twenty-six, and my sweetheart is twenty-three. We are ideally suited to each other. But because our parents quarrelled years ago I am forbidden to invite her to my home.

My girl's parents, however, always make me welcome.

Mother says she will never acknowledge my girl, and, though the latter knows that, she says she does not mind. But is it fair to her?

★ This young man should ask his girl to write to his mother. She should point out that she had no part in the old quarrel, and that her only desire is to make her son happy.

I hope that appeal will bear fruit. If not, then my correspondent is not to child and his parents should not treat him as one.

His girl understands and accepts the position, and as they are "ideally suited" to each other there is no reason why the courtship should not continue.

Failed Her Husband

MY husband is one of the finest men to be found, but, through my jealousy, I failed him and another married woman played up to him. He became infatuated with her and they went away together.

Then, rather than live without him, she took her own life. I cannot put her out of my mind and my torment is terrible. What can I do?

★ This woman is wrong in dwelling upon the past. She confesses that she failed her husband. But that did not give another married woman the right to take him away from her.

And no one can hold my correspondent responsible for her death. So long as she allows herself to be tormented, this woman cannot do her duty to the present or the future.

Let her appreciate the blessings that are hers, and let her resolve that she will not give her husband any further reason to go astray.

Human Documents by Philip Inman,

who wants to help you with your problems. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Letters sent to any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. is paid for every letter quoted.

What's Your Choice?

T	I		S

Only one letter is needed in the blank space above to complete a word aptly answering the Clue, "Housewife may have them for baking cake."

What is your choice? As soon as you have solved this little problem, turn to pages 36 and 37, and by finding the most apt Answers to the Clues in our great Holiday Puzzle you can win a 40,000-mile World Cruise, Fortune and Life Pension. You have only a few more days to enter—be quick!

Nearly lost my Job

Keep fit for your work. Vigour and vitality ooze away when kidney action weakens. Badly filtered blood burdens you with backache, dizzy attacks, headaches, urinary disorders, bladder weakness, disturbed sleep, stiff, inflamed muscles and joints, swollen limbs, renal dropsy, rheumatism, lumbago or sciatica.
Take Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills to strengthen your weak kidney action. The diuretics, antiseptics and stimulants in this special kidney medicine will flush and invigorate the kidneys and urinary system. At the same time the medicine will destroy bacteria in the urine without harming or irritating the urinary channels. When the kidneys are healthy they will soon filter away the poisonous impurities which are causing your pain and discomfort. pure blood will nourish the nerves, tissues and joints and you will be ready and able to tackle the day's work. Doans Pills do not drug the system to give temporary ease; they ensure permanent relief by their direct action upon the kidney filters.
INSIST UPON DOANS 1/3, 3/-, 5/-

NORMA KNIGHT's rise to stardom

EPISODE 11

Norma receives a letter

Norma found working at Berridges dull after the excitement of acting in the dramatic society. She found it hard to keep her mind on her work.

At home she was worried and unhappy.

YOU KNOW HOW DIFFICULT IT IS TO GET A START ON THE STAGE. YOU'VE GOT A GOOD JOB!
—AND WITH A SKIN LIKE YOURS YOU'LL SOON FIND A NICE HUSBAND

One morning she received a letter in unfamiliar handwriting.
WHY IT'S FROM HUMPHREY CARSON! HE WANTS ME TO GO AND SEE HIM AT THE THEATRE TO-NIGHT AT SEVEN O'CLOCK!

What is in store for Norma? Read the next instalment and find out. And never forget to wash night and morning with Knight's Castile—the soap that prevents "Tired Skin"!

Knight's Castile

SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE

JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED, LONDON, E.16
Soap Makers since 1810

4D PER TABLET U.K. ONLY

KC 218-264-65

Women who have not yet got an *electric* cooker can hardly believe me when I tell them how much trouble mine saves me. The poor dears are so used to basting that they don't realise that a joint needs no basting at all in an electric oven, or how easy cooking becomes when you control the exact cooking heat you want at the touch of a switch. But when they lunch with me they *do* realise how much nicer food tastes when cooked in fumeless electric heat—and off they go to see about an electric cooker for their own homes

Own an

ELECTRIC COOKER

Issued by the British Electrical Development Association, 2 Savoy Hill London, W.C.2

PILES

A Doctor's Formula Gives Prompt Relief and Certain Cure.

The danger of Piles is not readily understood because the trouble is seldom talked about, but you can't mistake the symptoms. That heavy, dragging, "bearing-down," which saps your energy and makes it impossible for you to give your mind to your work; swelling, pain and a burning irritation which nothing seems to relieve; hæmorrhage and protrusion.

The **MAGIC BRAND PILE CURE**—a doctor's formula—can be relied upon to give instant relief and permanently heal, even when the piles are so swollen and bleed so alarmingly that an operation seems inevitable. Thousands of former sufferers are grateful to the **MAGIC PILE CURE** for their present good health.

"I received greater relief from your Magic Pile cure in one week than during 10 years of treatment in hospital."—A. S., Guildford.

Piles undermine the system both mentally and physically; surgical methods are unnecessary and unwise. If you are suffering from any form of rectal trouble, be persuaded to try **MAGIC PILE CURE.** The first application of this soothing treatment will reduce protrusions, check irritation and hæmorrhage, and rapidly heal, no matter how stubborn or long-standing the case may be. So why continue to suffer?

FREE SAMPLE gladly sent on request to—

MAGIC LABORATORIES, M.N.9, NEW COURT, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

The ACID in your STOMACH

would burn a hole in a carpet

(From actual photo)

Doctors know that most stomach pains are caused by *excess acid.* Here's proof: after the kind of acid which causes indigestion had been poured on to a thick-pile carpet, a hole appeared. *That acid had actually burned a hole as big as a saucer! That* shows you what burning excess acid is doing inside your tender stomach!

Rennies absorb EXCESS ACID at once

You suck Rennies like sweets. They flow down in natural saliva, reach the stomach *full-strength.* Instantly the 15 scientifically blended ingredients start to work. Some neutralize and absorb the excess acid. Others stimulate the stomach's own "digestive juices," actually help to digest your food for you. Pain ceases. You can eat anything now. Simply take 2 Rennies after meals. Rennies are separately wrapped, so you can carry them loose — take them at any time, without water. 1,194 doctors have written personally praising Digestif Rennie brand tablets. Every chemist sells Digestif Rennies. Large trial size, only 6d. Four times the quantity, 1/9.

DIGESTIF **RENNIES** NO WATER NEEDED

Cry of the Jackals

Reader's Story by Charles Welch

27, Taff Street, Porth, Glam.

I AM often asked why I have a half-tattooed butterfly on my right arm, and why it was never completed. It is a souvenir of the most exciting moments of my life.

At the time I was acting-schoolmaster attached to the Regimental Cantonments at Lahore, Central Province, India, and lived a solitary life.

My small bungalow adjoined the long, rambling schoolhouse, with which it was connected by a door, and was some distance from the regimental lines.

One evening I was lying in a long chair on my veranda when a wild-looking native appeared, salaamed, and begged to tattoo me.

He said he was an expert, and mentioned the names of several sahibs he had already tattooed.

Foolishly, as it turned out, I consented. He worked skilfully, but his glance kept turning towards the interior of the bungalow.

There was something shifty about him, and my bulldog, Buller, lying at my feet, kept up a low growl. He didn't trust the fellow, either.

The native kept muttering to himself in Pushtu, a dialect I happen to speak, and he began to make insulting remarks about myself under his breath, until he spat and said something so insolent that I could stand it no longer.

I gave him a fairly hard kick and jumped up from my chair.

"Get out of here before I really hurt you," I cried, pointing to the gate.

At this moment a friend turned up from cantonments and saw what had happened. I told him why I had kicked the fellow out, and he shook his head dubiously. We watched the man until he had slunk out of sight.

Crouching before me was the man who had tattooed me. In his hand was an ugly knife. "Throw down the knife or I shoot," I ordered

"LOOKS to me as though he were a member of a Dacoit gang," he said. "They are hanging about these parts at present."

"I thought he was a murderous-looking rascal," I agreed, "but there are plenty of others like him."

"Be careful, old man," said my friend. "You never know in these parts. Many a good man has been stabbed to death by these robbers."

I laughed and changed the subject, but somehow I could not shake off the memory of the ill-natured tattoo-wallah, and that night, for the first time, I loaded my revolver and placed it under my pillow.

Next afternoon I noticed a shabby native squatting on the roadside opposite my bungalow. When I approached him he held out his hand and asked for alms. I gave him a few annas and told him to be off.

Later, at cantonments, an urgent notice was circulated. A Commissariat official who occupied a bungalow not far from my area had been found murdered in bed.

His place had been looted. The official notice said that the Dacoits' signal was the cry of a jackal.

It seemed that the bandits smeared their naked bodies with panther fat, and as soon as the cantonment dogs got the scent they cowered and trembled, not daring to growl or bark in the neighbourhood of such a savage beast.

At first I thought of sleeping in cantonments for a few days, but as it might be interpreted as cowardice I determined to stick it out.

After all, there were a good many other men in the same situation as myself. I tried to dismiss as mere fancy any connection between the Dacoits and the tattoo-wallah or the squatting beggar.

BUT I took no chances. That night I chained Buller to the foot of my bed and tested my revolver carefully.

I secured strands of cotton across the doorway from the veranda so that the slightest touch would cause an empty tin to fall into a zinc bath beneath. I bolted the door into the schoolroom.

For hours I sat waiting for any unusual sound, but all that happened was an invasion of buga, beetles and moths, attracted by the light of my lamp.

Phew! How hot it was! I turned out the light and dozed off. I must have slept for some hours when suddenly a noise jerked me into consciousness.

The miserable yelp of a jackal!

I lay motionless for a few moments, for I knew that if a Dacoit were in my room he would plunge his knife into my heart at the first move I made.

Then I opened my eyes and looked round. All I could hear was a faint terrified whimper from my bulldog. He had smelt cheetah!

Cautiously I rose, stroked Buller, and softly unlocked the schoolroom door.

Creeping inch by inch along the wall I reached the veranda and saw that my chaukidah (watchman) had bolted. I cocked my revolver.

Gradually my eyes became accustomed to it, and then suddenly I heard jackals' yelps quite close.

I crouched flat and saw half a dozen shadowy forms slinking through the bushes. They were real jackals!

The reaction was so sudden that I nearly shouted with joy!

AT the same moment I saw the shadow of a man in a corner of the veranda. He was moving very, very slowly.

I held my breath and waited behind an angle until he came closer. Each moment was like a century. He made for my bedroom.

I heard him breathing. Judging the moment, I sprang at him and caught him unawares. Crouching before me was the man who had tattooed me. He had an ugly knife in his hand.

"Throw down the knife or I shoot," I ordered.

He obeyed and stood up. I picked up the knife and forced him to walk before me to the nearest lines, keeping the muzzle of my revolver pressed against his spine.

Every second I expected another member of the gang to spring on my back, but we reached the sentries in safety.

My prisoner was thrown into jail.

The Dacoits undoubtedly intended to make me their victim, but they were frustrated by the extraordinary coincidence that a real pack of jackals had chosen the same moonless night to forage round my bungalow.

Their yelps had saved me from the swift death lurking in the veranda shadows.

Boom-time for Burglars

BURGLARS and housebreakers are not the daring people they are usually thought to be.

Police statistics show that something like twenty-nine in every thirty specialise in breaking into temporarily unoccupied houses.

Typical was a recent burglary in south-east London.

There wasn't an article of value that the thief left untouched before leaving the house with his pockets well stuffed.

Apart from the sentimental loss, the cash value of the stolen goods represented many weeks' salary.

Easy to imagine that man's relief, therefore, when JOHN BULL sent him a cheque to make good the loss. You see, he had qualified for the protection of JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance scheme by the simple act of signing a coupon.

That coupon appears on page 2 of the copy you hold in your hand. Why not turn to it—and qualify for our protection—*now*?

Soon you will be going on holiday.

Wherever you spend that holiday within the British Isles that full protection will continue. Should a claim arise during your holiday all you would be required to show was that you continued to buy the paper while away, and that you had instructed your newsagent to resume delivery on your return.

Remember that holiday time is boom-time for the unromantic burglars. Sign at once.

The Stewards Cup
RUN AT GOODWOOD JULY 22nd
Secure LONG ODDS Now
Back your fancy for the Stewards' Cup now at Long Odds
The privacy and convenience of a Credit Account is offered to all sportsmen, with NO LIMIT for Doubles, Trebles, Accumulators, Owners' and Trainers' Selected, Jockeys' Mounts, etc.
CREDIT ACCOUNTS
Commissions are accepted up to any amount for Ante-Post, Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired, by telephone, telegram, or letter.
Telephone: CENtral 2030 4030 (Private Branch Exchanges)
Telegrams: CHIPPY-TELEX-LONDON.
FILL THIS IN TO DAY:
Please send particulars with a view to opening a Credit Account. I am over 21 years of age.
Name
J.B. 9/7/38
Address
Suggested Weekly Credit £
DAVID COPE
LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON E.C.4

GOLFER DRIVES BALL A MILE!
Impossible, you say? It just couldn't be done! Nevertheless it's a fact vouched for by no less an eminent authority than Dr. H. Spencer Jones, the Astronomer-Royal, in his supremely interesting article "Is there Life on other Planets?" in "Armchair Science," the second issue of which, in its new "digest" form, will be on sale on July 1st at all newsagents and booksellers, price sixpence.
Now read this . . . "a world where there is no breeze to rustle, no sound to break the deadly silence, no air, no water, no life . . . doesn't that thrill you? doesn't it make you eager to find out what it's all about? . . . that, too, has been taken from the Astronomer-Royal's absorbing article, which teems with dozens of fascinating scientific facts and theories.
Other special features include—"Flying at Ten Miles a Minute" ("Popular Science Monthly," New York)—"Mind the Bang" or "Household Dust is Dynamite" ("Star Weekly," Toronto)—"Human Guinea Pigs at Lunch" ("The Rotarian," Chicago)—"A Scientists' League of Nations"—"The Mystery Mind of Animals"—"Stop Press News on Cellulose" (Photographic Supplement)—"Man's Surplus Mechanism" ("Mechanics and Handicraft," New York)—"Radium Bombs from Canada" (Columbia)—"The Ship of the Future"—"Sending Passengers by Cable"—"Planning Patterns by Television," etc., etc.
Don't miss "Armchair Science"! Get a copy from your newsagent TO-DAY, 6d., or write direct to "Armchair Science," Dept. J.B.1, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing P.O. or stamps to value of 6d.

TRY MY BREW FREE!
You'll enjoy it. Delicious, healthful, non-intoxicating. Costs less than 6d. per gallon. Easily made with MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS. 2/6 per bottle from Grocers, Chemists, etc. (makes 6 gallons).
Good as it is MASON'S BOTANIC BEER
FREE GALLON
To KENDALL & MASON LTD., NOTTINGHAM.
Please send sufficient Mason's Extract of Herbs and Yeast to make one gallon of Mason's Botanic Beer, and name of nearest retailer. I enclose 6d. for postage etc. (Please cut out and pin to sheet of paper with name and address). Dept. B.....

OPENS MY EYES!

CLEARS MY HEAD!

What else did you say?"

Drink a glass of Andrews and away goes sleepiness! To your whole system comes that deep-down Inner Cleanliness which leaves you clear-headed and alert for the day. Your stomach is settled. The liver and kidneys are stimulated to proper action. To complete your Inner Cleanliness the bowels are gently but thoroughly cleared. Start taking Andrews regularly. It's a grand drink for keeping you fit. Get your own tin of Andrews to-day. 9d. and 1/4d. (double quantity).

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your **ANDREWS**

THE REFRESHING TONIC LAXATIVE

(72)

PICC A PICCADILLY

10 for 4D

15 for 6D

"Film Favourites"
Picture cards in all Packings.

P.J. 208.

MADE BY CARRERAS LTD
150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

Send for this **FREE CATALOGUE** of Berkeley Easy Chairs

TWO popular Models from the great Berkeley Upholstery Factories are illustrated on page 27. Both are obtainable for small monthly payments. A free illustrated catalogue of these and other Berkeley models, together with patterns, etc., will be sent FREE and post free on receipt of the coupon. Send this to-day.

CROSSWORD No. 116

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

PRESENTED on pages 26 and 27 is the one hundred and sixteenth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following: The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

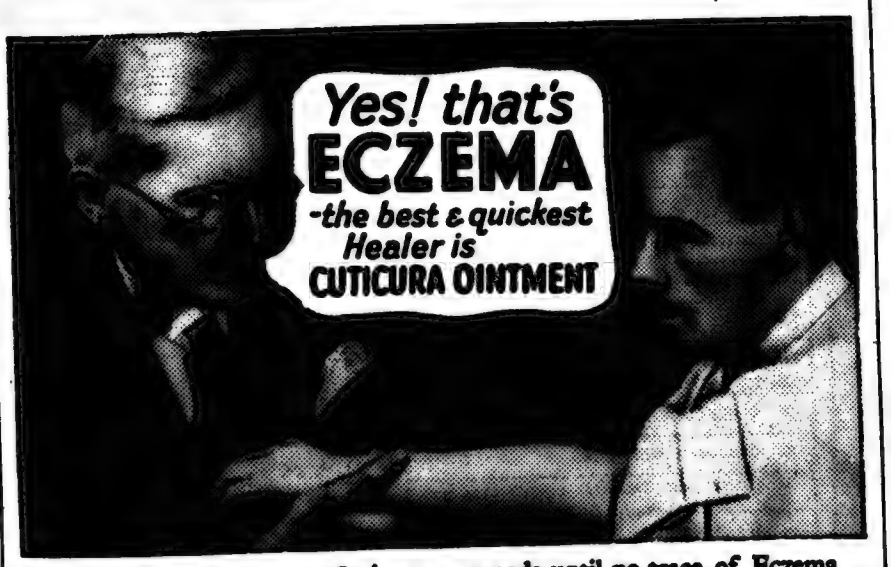
If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, July 28, 1938. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending penny postcard to "Gazette" Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the hump sum of 2,500 Guineas will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

Kill Kidney Germs—Gain Health

Your Kidneys have 9 million tubes, endangered by Germs caused by Colds, Bad Teeth, Tonsils and Infections. Ordinary medicine doesn't kill the germ cause of Kidney Trouble. Kill Kidney Germs the scientific way with Cystex—don't smash up health.

If you are compelled to Get up Nights, have Burning, Itching Passages, Nerves, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Circles Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Lost Appetite and Energy, etc., Cystex will end your pain in 2 hours. In 24 hours you will feel better still; in 8 days you are fitter and stronger than since Kidney Trouble gripped you. Cystex is guaranteed to set you right in 8 days or money back. From all Chemists—a fair offer.



Even as you apply Cuticura Ointment you feel its marvellous soothing effect. Within five minutes that maddening, sleep-wrecking itch will be relieved. Then the healing antiseptic ingredients sink to the very source of the Eczema. With every application the place looks healthier as the eruption dies down. It shrinks in size daily. Scaling stops, weeping dries up and new spotless skin appears and spreads until no trace of Eczema remains. Often, a single tin of Cuticura Ointment is sufficient to clear up a stubborn skin eruption of years standing.

Cuticura Ointment kills germs and repels them. It prevents septic poisoning and gathering and draws out inflammation.

A magical healer of Pimples, Boils, Ulcers, Cuts, etc., and an ideal first-aid for Burns and Scalds.

★ Sufferers from Eczema should, in the bath and when washing, use only Cuticura Soap. Made especially for cleansing skin troubles, it is as mild and soothing as fresh dairy cream.

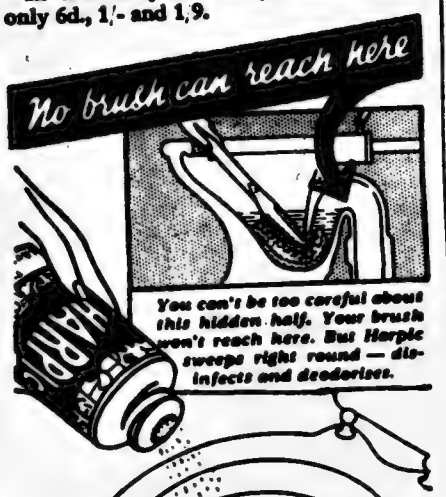
Cuticura BRAND OINTMENT

KILLS SEPTIC GERMS - DRAWS OUT POISONS

ARE YOU CLEANING ONLY HALF YOUR LAVATORY?

HARPIC not only keeps the bowl spotlessly white. It sweeps right round that hidden bend in the pipe, cleans thoroughly where no brush can ever reach. It disinfects and deodorises at the same time. You just sprinkle Harpic, leave as long as possible, then flush.

In new easy-flow tins, Harpic costs only 6d., 1/- and 1/9.


No brush can reach here
You can't be too careful about this hidden half. Your brush won't reach here. But Harpic sweeps right round — disinfects and deodorises.
HARPIC

CLEANS · DISINFECTS · DEODORISES

HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

Win a Luxury WORLD CRUISE, FORTUNE & PENSION in John Bull

40,000-MILE HOLIDAY TOUR FOR TWO

IN S.S. "FRANCONIA"
At "John Bull's" expense, Winner and companion will visit New York—Trinidad—Rio de Janeiro—St. Helena—Cape Town — Bombay — Colombo—Singapore—Bangkok —Java—Bali—Australia—New Zealand—Honolulu—California (including Hollywood) — Panama Canal—New York and so home to Liverpool.

plus

£500 CASH and £5 WEEKLY for LIFE

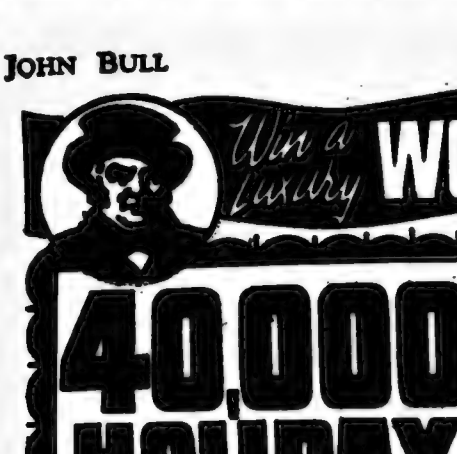
LAST WEEK TO WIN THIS STAGGERING 3-in-1 PRIZE— OR LUMP SUM OF 2,500 GUINEAS

HOW TO ENTER

Use for your World Cruise Entry either Squares on these pages or the "Time-Sava" Entry Sheets also provided. But, remember, your entry must reach Long Acre by Saturday, July 16.

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINE

X-WORD No. 116. Closing Sat., July 16.



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose P.O. Value..... No. .....

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY
CROSSWORD No. 116, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

"Time-Sava" ENTRY SHEET JOHN BULL X-Word No. 116. Closing Sat. July 16.

Study these Clues

FOR THESE 2 COLS. 6d ENTRY-FEE

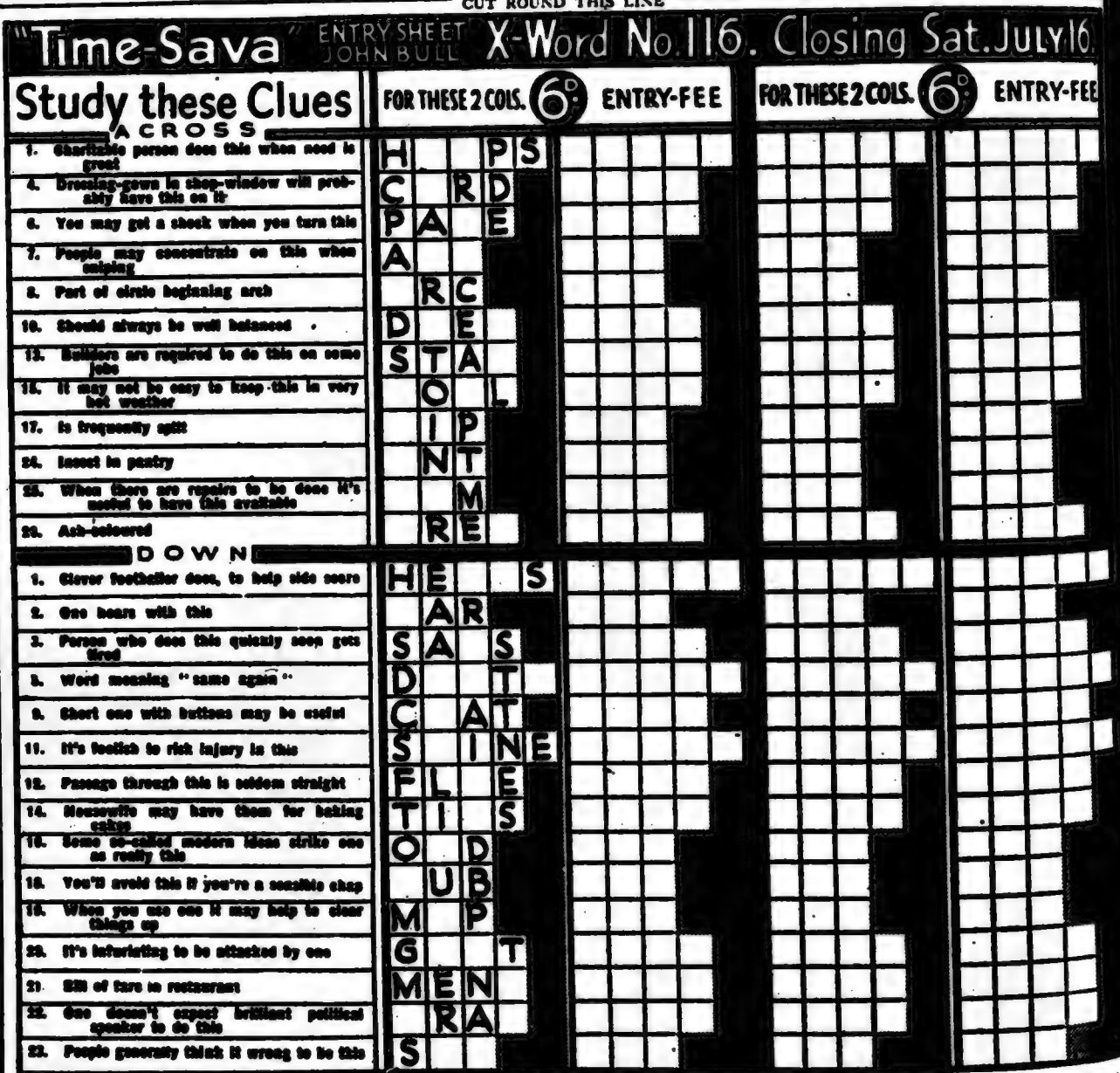
FOR THESE 2 COLS. 6d ENTRY-FEE

ACROSS

1. Charitable person does this when need is great
4. Dressing-gown in shop-window will probably have this on it
6. You may get a shock when you turn this
7. People may concentrate on this when sniping
8. Part of circle beginning arch
10. Should always be well balanced
12. Builders are required to do this on some jobs
15. It may not be easy to keep this in very hot weather
17. Is frequently split
24. Insect in pantry
25. When there are repairs to be done it's useful to have this available
26. Ash-coloured

DOWN

1. Clever footballer does, to help side score
2. One bears with this
3. Person who does this quickly soon gets fired
5. Word meaning "same again"
9. Short one with buttons may be useful
11. It's foolish to risk injury in this
12. Passage through this is seldom straight
14. Housewife may have them for baking cakes
16. Some so-called modern ideas strike one as really this
18. You'll avoid this if you're a sensible chap
19. When you use one it may help to clear things up
20. It's infuriating to be attacked by one
21. Bill of fare in restaurant
22. One doesn't expect brilliant political speaker to do this
23. People generally think it wrong to be this



INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE

First, work out Puzzle on ordinary Square, with aid of Clues. Then indicate first set of Answers by completing in ink a word against each Clue in first column above. EVERY LETTER SPACE IN THIS FIRST COLUMN MUST BE COMPLETED OR ENTRY SHEET DISQUALIFIED. In subsequent columns, print in complete words ONLY where you wish to indicate Answers DIFFERING from first Column. All word spaces left blank in second, third and fourth columns will be regarded as indicating that you wish Answer in Column 1 to be read at those points.

I submit this Entry for X-word 116 on the understanding that first Column and each subsequent Column containing word or words shall be regarded for Adjudication and all other purposes as a full and precise equivalent of correct X-word Square, completed with aid of Clues provided. I agree to all Rules and Conditions and enclose

P.O. Value..... Signed .....

No..... Address .....

.....

COLOSSAL HOLIDAY X-WORD!

£200 IN PRIZES

FREE GIFT

this special 6d. Voucher enables you to submit

Special WORLD CRUISE Presentation Voucher

I enclose.....paid 6d. Entries (NOT FEWER THAN 3) with full Entry-fee necessary (NOT LESS THAN 1s. 6d.). Please accept this 6d. "John Bull" Voucher in lieu of Entry-fee on Additional Crossword Entry also enclosed. (N.B.—Entrant may use one 6d. Free Voucher with each three 6d Entries submitted, provided all bear same name and address and are enclosed in same envelope)

Signed.....

Voucher valid only for X-word No. 116 and if used as directed.

CUT ROUND HERE

VALUE 6D

FOUR ENTRIES FOR COST OF THREE

CLOSING SAT. JULY 16.

BE QUICK—LAST FEW DAYS TO ENTER

Read these Rules—Terms and Conditions on page 35

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares or two columns submitted.

2.—Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) to reach us not later than Saturday, July 16, 1938.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or misaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. See "Time-Save" Form for special conditions governing use.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, July 28. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, August 2, in accordance with directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, 2,500 Guineas cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

FREE "BULLETS" PRIVILEGE

With Crossword entry of 1s. 6d. or more, you are entitled to enclose one *Bullets* coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE.

EXTRA FORMS

For this special Contest only, you may send as many entries as you wish, and may enclose all in same envelope. Other Entry Forms appeared in these pages last week; for additional supply send penny postcard to JOHN BULL'S "Crossword Gazette" Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, stating number of sixpenny Entry Forms required.

2 Big Cheques won in Crossword No. 114

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 114, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following two competitors:—

W. CORK, 33, Handsworth Crescent, Rhyl.

Mrs. D. MALONE, 64, Westfield Road, Heaton, Bradford.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £600, and a cheque for £300 will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, July 12, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £150 Award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 100 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £1 10s. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified. Extra Prizes will be sent to those Runners-up from whom we received two or more 6d. Entries.

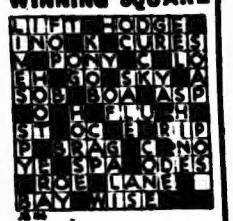
A useful Surprise Award for each of 796 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

WINNING WORDS

Across.—1. Lift. 3. Hedge. 7. Cures. 9. Pony. 12. Sob. 13. Boa. 16. Fix. 19. Rip. 21. Brag. 24. Odes. 25. Bay. 28. Wise.

Down.—1. Limes. 2. Fop. 4. Duck. 5. Eel. 6. Knob. 8. Soap. 10. Hoyt. 11. Sale. 14. Shine. 15. Horse. 17. Spy. 18. Cap. 20. Peso or Post. 22. Cone. 23. Era.

WINNING SQUARE



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

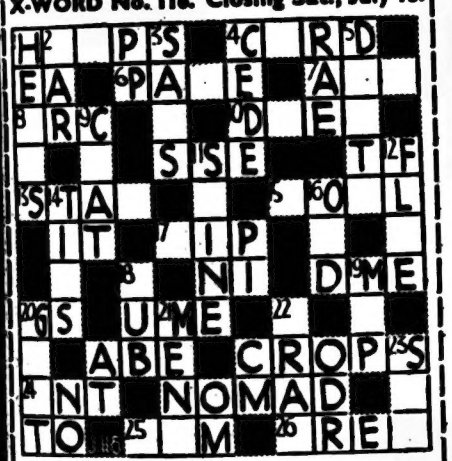
One space is left blank to indicate that at this point POSE and POST were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

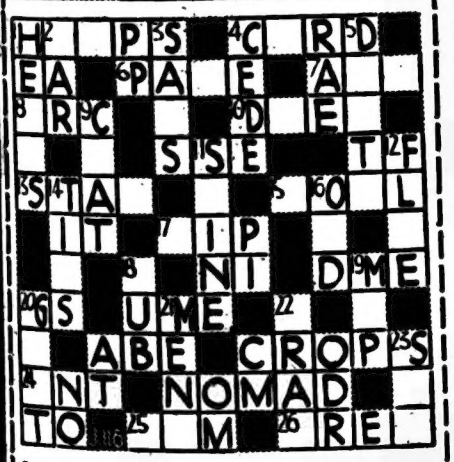
Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending a penny postcard to Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford St., W.C.2.

READER DESCRIBES THRILLING WORLD CRUISE ON PAGE 30

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINE

X-WORD No. 116. Closing Sat., July 16.





In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

TO HELP YOU WIN

The greatest possible assistance to would-be Crossword winners is a study of the Reasons for the Adjudication Committee's findings, published each week in JOHN BULL'S "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending penny postcard to Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

"Time-Sava" ENTRY SHEET JOHN BULL X-Word No. 116. Closing Sat. July 16.

FOR THESE 2 COLS. 6D ENTRY-FEE

FOR THESE 2 COLS. 6D ENTRY-FEE

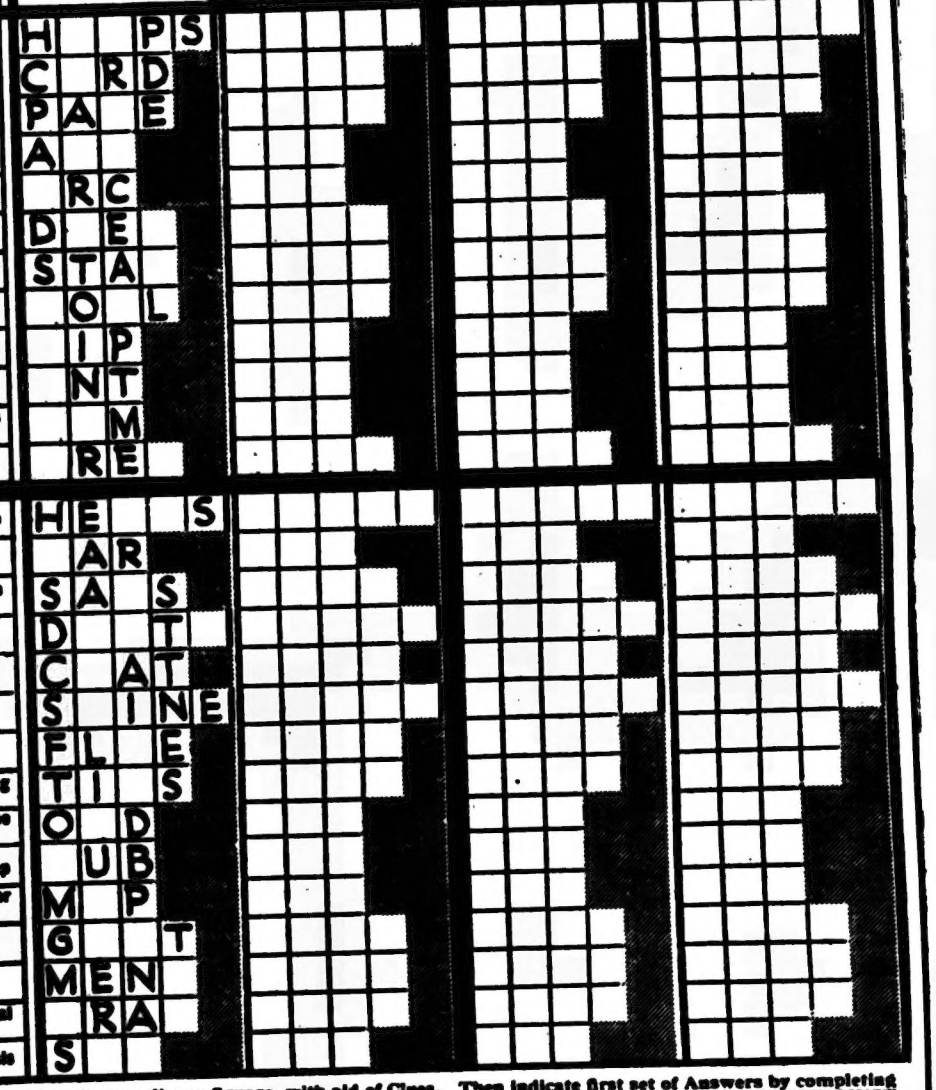
Study these Clues

ACROSS

1. Charitable person does this when need is great
4. Dressing-gown in shop-window will probably have this on it
6. You may get a shock when you turn this
7. People may concentrate on this when eating
8. Part of circle beginning arch
10. Should always be well balanced
12. Builders are required to do this on some jobs
15. It may not be easy to keep this in very hot weather
17. Is frequently split
24. Insect in pantry
25. When there are repairs to be done it's useful to have this available
26. Ash-coloured

DOWN

1. Clever footballer does, to help side score
2. One scars with this
3. Person who does this quickly soon gets tired
5. Word meaning "same again"
9. Short one with buttons may be useful
11. It's foolish to risk injury in this
12. Passage through this is seldom straight
14. Housewife may have them for baking cakes
16. Some so-called modern ideas strike one as really this
18. You'll avoid this if you're a sensible chap
19. When you use one it may help to clear things up
20. It's infuriating to be attacked by one
21. Bill of fare in restaurant
22. One doesn't expect brilliant political speaker to do this
23. People generally think it wrong to be this



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I submit this Entry for X-word 116 on the understanding that first Column and each subsequent Column containing word or words shall be regarded for Adjudication and all other purposes as a full and precise equivalent of current X-word Square, completed with aid of Clues provided. I agree to all Rules and Conditions and enclose

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

ODOURLESS Hair Remover

At last, a depilatory that *works entirely without odour!* Bu-to, a dainty white cream, quickly removes unwanted hair — leaves your skin cool, fragrant, satin-smooth—discourages coarse regrowth. No irritation. No embarrassing odour. *Bu-to does not smell because it cannot smell.* As pleasant to use as your face cream!

MAKE THIS ODOUR TEST

Squeeze a small quantity of Bu-to on your arm. Leave 6 minutes. Note complete absence of unpleasant odour, and freedom from irritation. Now, rinse with cold water. All hair is gone as if by magic. Your skin is soft, cool, satin-smooth—*and quite odourless.*

Money-back Guarantee. *If you detect the slightest unpleasant odour — or, if Bu-to fails to give complete satisfaction, return tube and your money will at once be refunded without question.*

1/6 TRIAL SIZE 6d

Bū-to

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN PATENTS PENDING

odourless

BUTYWAVE CO., LONDON, S.W.1

Read this

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles you can now obtain Zam-Buk soluble suppositories for *inward* use. Ask your chemist for **Zam-Buk Suppositories.** 1/3 a box. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep.

CURES PILES

Take

Elasto

PEGISTERED

for all

SKIN TROUBLES

THE *New* Elasto Blood Treatment is bringing quick relief to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Bad Legs, Varicose Veins, and other diseases of the skin and circulatory system.

Send for Free Sample!

Elasto blood treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! While you think of it. *This offer is too good to be missed!*

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY, Ltd. (Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

KEATING'S KILLS

ANTS
MOTHS
BEETLES
FLEAS *etc.* — *even bugs*

● For over half a century KEATINGS POWDER has proved the best and safest insecticide for the home, for poultry, dogs and all pets. Invaluable when sprinkled in furs, clothes, bedding, etc., as a preventative against moth. *Kills Green Fly.* —But it must be KEATINGS

Cartels 2d., 6d., 1/. Powder Flasks 1/-

The Editor Laughs Last

"Bullets" Illustrated Without A Seat—Auntie—Sitting Down, Donkey

TOM (Leuchars).—"Have you noticed how a woman often lowers her voice whenever she asks for anything?" Yes; and how she raises it if she doesn't get it.

D. M. (Brightlingsea).—"There is a special watch for smugglers on the coast around here now." Why not go the whole hog and erect a decent clock for them?

E. S. (Sutton).—"I know one G.P.O. official who can read almost impossible writing." We would like to see him tackle a doctor's prescription written in Chinese with a post-office nib.

P. T. (Enfield).—"Young fathers in a certain London suburb meet weekly to mind their babies while their wives go to the cinema." Perhaps it should be pointed out that recently proposed legislation is not aimed at this type of bottle party.

B. B. (Kingston).—"Do you know why he advised me to go to Glasgow to see the Exhibition?" Because that's where it is being held.

P. R. (Devonport).—"He told me that the refrigerator would pay for itself in the long run." But meanwhile they send the accounts to you?

* * *

TEACHER (Clacton).—"For some strange reason my best pupil's homework has been very badly done all this week." Perhaps his parents are on holiday.

MISS K. (Swindon).—"Since I have taken up singing, I find that certain tunes haunt me." So you have been murdering them?

G. T. (Dover).—"We never seem to be able to get much information out of the diver, who is an inscrutable sort of man.' Too deep for words?

D. N. (Banff).—"If witches existed today they would be modernised." We would like to see one riding about on a vacuum-cleaner.

T. K. (Diss).—"As I need exercise I have taken up fencing in my garden." Your neighbour, however, may insist that you put it back.

W. A. (Harringay).—"When I was at the seaside, I saw a bathing costume with several hooks on it." And several eyes, no doubt?

D. S. (London, S.E.).—"A fireman has to know something more than how to run up an escape." How to come down, for instance.

* * *

JACK (Torquay).—"The young widow I was introduced to proved to be a very lively sort of person." Take care—she may be just as deadly.

K. T. (Barnstaple).—"What do you think my wife did because I forgot to bring in her packet of cigarettes?" Smoked yours.

T. N. (Retford).—"I am sorry to have to say that the first Test Match left me cold." Then take a rug with you to the next.

B. N. (Manchester).—"I believe in fighting an enemy with his own weapons and always adhere to this plan." How on earth do you manage to sting a wasp?

MRS. B. (Lowestoft).—"What can a woman do when her husband persists in relating fishing stories to her evening after evening?" Take the opportunity of winding her wool on his arms.

PROFESSOR (Oxford).—"I claim to have the largest collection of butterflies and moths in the world." You should see the numbers we get when we turn on the bedroom light.

"It's the nearest we could get to a broadcast for her"
(from "The Passing Show")

HORACE (Hastings).—"I lie on the beach for hours at a time." To whom?

D. B. (Kettering).—"What makes celluloid burn so fiercely?" Fire.

S. B. (Egham).—"A woman likes a man with a will." That's in her favour.

T. K. (Goole).—"What would you do if you had hay-fever for three parts of the summer?" Sneeze.

L. B. (Esher).—"I have invented a permanent finish for motor-car bodies." More effective than a brick wall?

D. B. (London, E.).—"What crowds collect at our big race meetings!" And what crowds don't.

PATER (Romford).—"My daughter is ten years old and a prodigy." So she doesn't play the piano?

MRS. T. E. (Stockport).—"The modern poet doesn't look a bit like the real thing." Nor does he write like one.

S. A. (Nantwich).—"The doctor told me to open both windows in my room, but there's only one.' Well, open it twice.

E. W. (Grantham).—"What is the right time to gather apples?" When the dog is chained up.

* * *

AUTHOR (Chelsea).—"My last novel had no hero." But surely one man must have read it?

L. P. (Maldon).—"It is a fact that a mole manages to eat as much every day as it weighs." But how does it know what its weight is?

D. L. T. (Tring).—"Gas was once used for lighting purposes in the House of Commons." There is gas there still, but it is not very illuminating.

W. M. S. (Cardiff).—"The landlord stings me over rent and never forgets to call for it each Monday." Make your postman bring the antidote each Saturday—see opposite page.

E. N. (Hampstead).—"After all, what is there at Wimbledon apart from the famous tennis courts?" Quite a number of strong iron turnstiles.

E. M. (Exeter).—"I have discovered a new and easy way of making a smoking jacket at home." We trust it is better than the old method of just leaving a lighted pipe in one of the pockets.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

Dad's . . .

Cooking Fails

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the award.

WELSH GAZETTE:—"Two ewes have given birth to five and four lambs RESPECTFULLY."

EAST ANGLIAN DAILY TIMES:—"The bride, given away by her LATHER, wore an ankle-length dress . . ."

COUNTY DOWN SPECTATOR:—"A Bangor man who was alleged to have trespassed in pursuit of FAME at Cleland's Estate . . ."

BIRMINGHAM EVENING DESPATCH:—". . . not within living MELODY have the rivers been so ill-stocked with salmon."

SOUTH WALES ARGUS:—". . . knocked out and my FRONT REARSIDE caught his off-hind mudguard . . ."

EXETER WESTERN TIMES:—"The cuckoo was HELD in various parts of the parish last week."

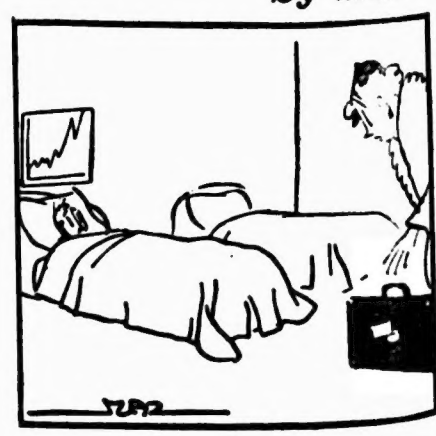
DAILY MAIL:—"8—The Magic FLUE (Mozart), from the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden."

DAILY SKETCH:—". . . jumped over spiked RAILWAYS, and landed on the roof of an adjacent building."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"Go by water to Southend in the MOTOR-BUS Pride of Westminster."

WESTERN DAILY PRESS:—"The GUILT exists to help those people who are blind or crippled . . ."

by Maz



WIN OVER £1000
IN PRIZES
PENSION AND HOLIDAY PRIZE
20/- WEEKLY FOR LIFE
FREE FAMILY HOLIDAY
FINE 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE SUM OF £250
£1000
2ND PRIZE £50 PLUS HOLIDAY
3RD PRIZE £25 PLUS HOLIDAY
£10 £9 £8 £7 £6 £5
£4 10 of £3 25 of 10/-
ONE WEEK ONLY—CLOSING POSTMARK SAT. JULY 16
YOUR FREE FAMILY HOLIDAY
provided by "John Bull," covers free accommodation, free meals, free bathing, boating, dancing, and all entertainments for two adults and one or two children. By special arrangement, a luxury Chalet at Butlin's famous Holiday Centre at Skegness or Clacton will be completely at winner's disposal for a glorious week of seaside enjoyment during August or September.
1,129

FINAL PENSION OFFER—HURRY WITH YOUR ENTRY!

A GLORIOUS family holiday by the sea and the lasting joy of a 20s. Weekly Income for life—that is the fine 2-in-1 First Prize awaiting the sender of the best *Bullet* this week.

When, on Friday, July 29, the telegraph boy bearing the golden Joy Wire stands at the door of some "Bulleteer's" home, the thrill of its arrival and the home made happy by its news can be yours.

An invitation to enjoy a memorable family holiday at the seaside will also be extended to the Second and Third prize-winners in this last great Pension and Holiday Offer of the present series.

To make a *Bullet*, simply select any *Example* from the list and add any TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment.

Suppose, for instance, that against the *Example*, HISTORY TEACHES, you had first jotted down, *That We Will Keep On Blundering*. From this you could easily produce the typical *Bullet*, HISTORY TEACHES—THAT HISTORY'S "LESSONS" *Unlearnt*.

To help you further, before beginning on your efforts you will be wise to study the winners in our 1,125th Contest. Then start on your own *Bullets* for this final Pension-plus-Holiday prize, and see that your entry is postmarked on or before Saturday, July 16.

'BULLETS' 1,125 RESULT

First Prize, £2 Weekly for Life, or £500 Cash:

K. M. MILES, 1, Blandford Road, Reading, Berks.

Example: SHOWS HE'S A FIGHTER
Bullet: DAD, REPLANTING CAT'S "BATTLEFIELD"

(Entered on Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE £50:

Mrs. M. DOWNEY, 113, Toftwood Road, Sheffield.

Example: In Adversity's Drought
Bullet: Bill We've Baby's "Pitter-patter."

THIRD PRIZE £25:

A. G. WEST, Little Blakenham, nr. Ipswich.

Example: To See The Monster
Bullet: Curiousy, "Climb Tree."

OTHER PRIZES:

£10: A. M. CASELY, 13, Dunrobin Place, Edinburgh.
Voice That Is Still—Accuses Tongues That Weren't.

£9: Mrs. G. BAGGALEY, 101, Alfreton Road, Westhouses, Alfreton, Derbys.
Floored—When Use "Upper Storey."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£8: T. MASON, c/o Fairley, 91, Kent Road, Glasgow.
Crippled Geneva—Can't Bombed Hospitals Save.

£7: S. J. MORETON, 78, Broomwood Road, London, S.W.
Shows He's A Fighter—Handling Pick, Hands Pink.

£6: F. SHELLEY, 7, Doidge Road, Birmingham.
Punctured—Sonny's Pride. "Hello, Bubbles!"

£5: W. E. HAWES, 34, Belle Vue Road, Ipswich.
Crippled Geneva—Needs Crippled Ex-soldier's Courage.

£4: W. D. EVANS, 13, Church Street, Treherbert, Rhondda, Glam.
The Sequel—"Your Handkerchief?"—Our "Handful."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

10 OF £3 EACH:

A. E. ASPEN, "Taveta," Upton Road, Bexley, Kent.
The Best Of It Is—Grandpa Calls *Politicians* "Talkers"!

W. BLACK, 390, Glasgow Road, (1 up) Clydebank.
When He Returned—Sunburn "Irritated" His Creditors.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

R. DRAKE, 239, Leeds Road, Nelson, Lancs.
Went To A Shadow—Sonny—Two Good Deeds!

J. JENNINGS, 57, Trafalgar Square, Scarborough.
If It Comes Off—Baby Undecided, Examining Toe.

E. H. KEY, 34, De-Grey Street, Hull.
In Sight Of Success—Thrill Success Couldn't Approach."

G. E. NELSON, 22, Risby Grove, Hull.
When Auntie Tried Climbing—*Uncle's* "Face" Provided Footholds!

A. THOMPSON, 31, Salisbury Road, Chatham.
Cause Of The Accident—Unknown—Neither Driver Looking!

A. O. TOWERS, 119, Houghton Road, Grantham, Lincs.
Hold Your Tongue And—Speak—And You're Diplomat!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

Mrs. S. WHITE, 668, Old Ford Road, Bow, London, E.
When He Returned—Dover's Cliffs "Dwarfed" Rockies

F. WORTHINGTON, 32, Mackintosh Place, Cardiff.
Friendless—Animals Always Pick Sonny!

A list of 25 10s. and 200 5s. Surprise Award winners can be seen at these Offices.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

BRITAIN'S FREE, BUT
HISTORY TEACHES
SOON FOR THE HOUSEWIFE
DEARER MILK
POWER OF THE SWORD
PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES AND
MOTHER'S MAGIC
ROBBING THE POOR
IF WE GIVE WAY
PROFITS
TO ENTERTAIN THE VISITORS
AUNTIE'S STAYING WITH US, SO
BECOMING UNEARAGLE
WHEN EVERYTHING'S UPSET
SOME PROGRESS
STILL IN LOVE
NOW SONNY'S GOT A CAMERA
GAY DOG
LEFT A FORTUNE
NEEDS BRAINS
ACCORDING TO MR. MIDDLETON
FROM THE GUTTER
GRANDPA'S BARBER
MEANT TO STAY
THE FAVOURITE
LIKE A PRINCESS
FOR PLEASURE
SOMETHING IN THE WIND
BECAUSE SHE'S LONELY
FALSE ECONOMY
AT THE JUMBLE SALE
THE WORLD'S WORST

New Service for Readers

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single Postal Order sufficient to cover both entry fees—thus saving 2½d. on postage and postage.

Make Postal Order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,129 and Crossword No. 116 JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(1,129) P.O. No. ..... Signed .....
Closing postmark SAT., July 16. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 1d. Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(1,129) P.O. No. ..... Signed .....
Closing postmark SAT., July 16. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 2d. Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, JULY 16.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(1,129) P.O. No. ..... Signed .....
Closing postmark SAT., July 16. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 3d. Address .....

FREE COUPON FOR COMPETITION No 1129 IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose **TWO** or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,129, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE. Signed ..... Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,129 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £500 chosen by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,124 will be displayed in the window of Mr. M. Page, The Bungalow, 134, High Street, Colliers Wood, S.W.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have such consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull and crossed & Co. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,129, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

EX-VAN BOY WHO SAVED 2/1d EVERY WEEK NOW HAS FLEET OF LIMOUSINES

HE HAS DONE IT—SO CAN YOU!

HOW I HATED being rattled along on the back of a delivery van every day! I worked out a dozen schemes to get rich—

—But they all needed some *capital*. Parson told me to stop smoking, but I needed my 30-a-day—most men do.

Then at last I found the way—changing to PLUS TWO I got my 30 full-size fags as usual, and I BANKED 2/1 EVERY SATURDAY

That PLUS TWO saving started my fortune! Soon I had made the first payment on my own van—started earning big money *for myself*.

I put the dough back in the business—worked hard—soon I ran the biggest fleet of motor vans in the county.

And now I've made it—own a yacht, a mansion, have scores of famous friends! I pay top prices for everything I buy—except smokes—because PLUS TWO are still the right smokes for me . . . as they are for you.

'A lesson for every ambitious young man!'

Money is Power! Money makes money! And *you* can do exactly what this lad did—put aside 2/1 every week FREE—well over eight shillings a month for nothing! It's a gift! If you smoke 30 'ten-for-sixpennies' a day—most men do—you simply switch over to the new full-size, fat, cool, refreshing PLUS TWO cigarettes—every bit as big and as good as the best 'ten-for-six-pennies'—and TWO SHILLINGS AND ONE PENNY goes rattling into your money-box *regular* every Saturday! Here's how it's done—You buy *cigarettes only* when you buy PLUS TWO'S, you don't pay for fancy frills and wrappings—and that's why you get TWO MORE full-size cigarettes for your tanner. When you open the big 11½d. packet, there's *four extra* full-size cigarettes waiting to be lit!

SAVE—yet get cigarettes every bit as big and as good—thanks to NO FRILL packing!

Remember—only a full-size cigarette can give you a *full-flavour* smoke.

We have lodged a sworn testimony with the Westminster Bank Ltd.—that only pure and unadulterated tobacco of the finest crops is used in PLUS TWO'S. So it's not a chance you're taking—it's a winner—a cert—a natural! Cash in on it; get your first packet of PLUS TWO'S and start piling up this terrific Cash Bonus saving—NOW!

PLUS TWO Full size CIGARETTES

Every bit as big and as good-packed without frills—save you MONEY!

12 CIGARETTES FOR 6d
24 CIGARETTES FOR 11½d
6 CIGARETTES FOR 3d

GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD., LONDON, ENGLAND

ALSO CORK TIPPED—BLUE BOXES

J.B.L.27 14*

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